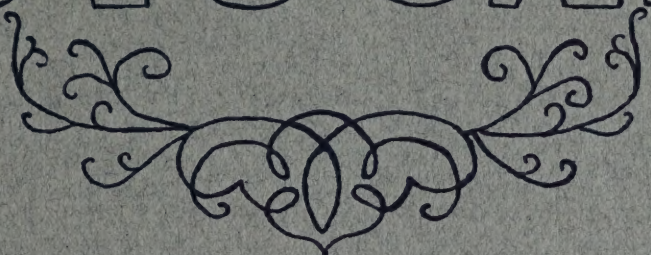
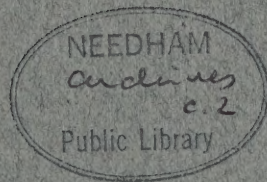


THE ADVOCATE

A decorative flourish consisting of symmetrical, swirling lines that form a central, leaf-like shape, positioned below the title.

Christmas

1 9 2 1

Needham High School Advocate

Needham, Massachusetts

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
STERLING W. GREENE

BUSINESS MANAGER
WALTER E. GILBERT

My dear Mr. & Mrs. Latham

The Advocate Board and the Senior Class send you this Christmas number of the Advocate to show their sympathy for you in the loss of your son Randolph, who was held in high esteem by all the pupils of Needham High School.

With sympathy

Walter E. Gilbert

Abstract of the 1954-55 Season

by J. H. R. ...

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To the Faculty of 1921-1922
this Number of "The Advocate"
is Respectfully Dedicated

Table of Contents

	Page
Editorials	6, 7
Young Pirates, by C. F. N., '22	6
A Word to Freshmen, by M. C. T., '22	6
The Classical Course: A Safe Investment, by F. I. K., '23	7
Our Teachers, by E. J., '22	7
Literature	8-31
The Man Who Found Himself, by Priscilla Packard, '24.	8
A "Ki-yi-in" Hound, by Winifred Whetton, '23	9
Justice, by Harriet M. Howe, '22	9
"The Girl's" Christmas, by Madeline Kroll, '24	11
With the Story Lady in the October Woods, by Eleanor Jones, '22.	12
The Fountain of Life, by Dorothy Healey, '23	13
Preferably an Elderly Gentleman, by Dorothy Freeman, '22	14
The Midnight Storm, by Merrill C. Tenney, '22	16
Passersby, by Harriet Williams, '23	17
Home Brew, by Miriam Fowle, '23	18
Shakespeare, the Man, by Eleanor Jones, '22	19
The Old German Version of Hamlet, by Barbara Fish, '22	20
A Christmas Dinner, by Whitman Johnston '24	21
The Substance of Dreams, by Clifford Kilmer, '22	22
Song of the Cyclist, by Merrill C. Tenney, '22	23
A Pine Tree Lullaby, by Dorothy Kelly, '23	23
Mr. John Puts the Children to Bed, by Madeline Kroll, '24	23
The Classification of Literature, by Henry Leonard, '23	24
Ted Tompkinson's First Dance, by Priscilla Packard, '24	28
Who Says There's No Spice in Business, by Frances Kroll, '23	29
The Mill	31
On My Lady's Hair	31
School Activities	32
Sports	35
Special Feature	36
Alumni	42
Exchanges	43
Humor	45
Advertising Index	56



THE FACULTY

Standing left to right: Miss Bartlett, Miss Steward, Miss Caswell, Miss Churchill, Miss Fitch, Mr. Frost.
 Seated, left to right: Miss Tarbell, Miss Ray, Mr. Campbell, Miss Currie, Miss Piercy.

Christmas Bells

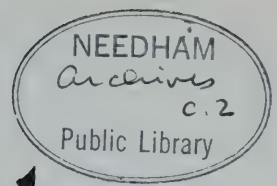
By MARY McDONALD, '23

Christmas bells are gayly ringing,
Swinging, singing everywhere,
Pouring out their joyful anthem
On the frosty evening air.

Sleigh bells tinkle, lights all twinkle,
Snow-flakes sprinkle on the ground,
All the world that knows your story
Echoes back the gladsome sound.

And the Christmas bells are ringing
Swinging, singing through my brain,
As I catch the sacred spirit
Of the beautiful refrain.

"Peace on earth " they're ringing, singing,
Flinging out to us again,
Angel's story, song of glory—"Peace on earth,
Good will toward men."



The Advocate

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NEEDHAM, MASS., DECEMBER, 1921

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY

THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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Editorials

Young Pirates

"And he fared forth on the highway to seek his fortune."

That is the beginning of many old stories, and the officer at the police station can tell a new one — with the same first line — one from a nervous, white-faced mother who had spoken with him not an hour since: "My boy is gone — he hasn't been home for two nights — don't know what put it in his head to run away."

Singly or in pairs, thousands of young boys are leaving home or "beating it" all the time. They seem to have been sent wandering by all sorts of reasons — too much work, or not enough — a strap hanging behind the door — the vision of a fortune to be gained in a distant city. So various are the reasons, one thinks the first impulse to be stronger, and to date from the hour when he discovered what feet were for.

Sometimes the great adventure has been in preparation secretly for weeks, and sometimes when a boy happens to be near a railroad track, the lust of adventure beckons to him.

Fortunately for the boys, and for the rest of us, most of those who try the road in youth manage to break away from it and settle down. There is a limit to "being on the bum." Those who have tried it carry scars just as though they had been to war. They have rubbed shoulders with thieves, with those who tote a blackjack and brass knuckles in their pockets. These runaways mean a big loss in our social ranks.

When boys leave home it is because the desire to wander is stronger than the ambition to attain something by remaining in old haunts. If a boy's dominant interest is a pair of rabbits in the yard or a wireless on the roof, he can take a good many looks at the road without losing his head. How to make children prefer to stay is the great

problem for parents, teachers, and — though they little realize it — the selectmen, who share in this work.

We Americans have been wasters, and the greatest thing that we have wasted is youth. Youth must have opportunity at home or it will be impelled by its inherent nature to seek the rainbow of happiness, if it must journey to the ends of the earth.

More important than Americanization of foreigners is the saving by development of the American-born youth — youth, who is, after all, just "plain boy." — C. F. N. '22.



A Word to Freshmen

Each year a company of young people, fresh from grammar school, enter Needham High. Some possess talent to a considerable degree; others may not; but all, doubtless, have cherished ambitions and hopes for the future. Will they attain to the standards and ideals which they have set for themselves?

Each year another company of young people, having completed their course, leave the school, ready to take their places in life. Some are fit for positions of responsibility and honor; others are not. Why? Because they either did, or did not take advantage of the opportunities which the high school offered to them.

The first six months of a person's stay in high school either make, or break his career. The attainment of his ambitions and the fulfilment of his hopes rest solely upon the amount of effort which he is willing to expend in the pursuance of his studies. Small investments cost little — and bring small returns. Large investments require greater expenditure, but the interest is well worth it.

We welcome most heartily the class of 1925 to our beloved school. We are glad to see so many promising young people enter their apprenticeship for life. But we wish to warn them most solemnly that shirking

their rightful work will eventually cost them dearly; and that a careless Freshman means a remorsefully penitent Senior. Shirking invariably costs dearly, as many a Senior knows to his sorrow. It is always best to sacrifice momentary pleasure, if by so doing, one can preserve permanent ideals. If the members of the class of 1921 wish to graduate successfully, they must think about it now; and if they aspire to the leadership of the school in three years' time, they must, at this present moment, give evidence of their fitness for that position. In short, you Freshmen, are Seniors in the making; therefore realize your privileges and responsibilities, and act accordingly.—M. C. T. '22.

The Classical Course: A Safe Investment

The safest investment a student can make is to take the Classical Course. For many reasons it is the most advantageous.

Spencer defines education as the preparation for life activity and usefulness. The Classical Course furnishes this essential better than any other.

First, it prepares for college — college, the pot of gold at the rainbow's end for all ambitious students. It is not necessary, nor is it a part of the theme of these remarks, to discuss the benefits of a college education. Needless to say, it shows the way to the best available positions.

The Commerical Course, so long favored by those who intend to make business their profession, is rather losing its popularity with educators. Many business men and women of today declare that the training they received in the High School Commercial Course amounted to very little, and they now realize that their time would have been more advantageously spent in pursuing the Classical Course. They suggest supplementing this training with a short course in a business college where specialization enables them to accomplish more in a short time than they could possibly do in a four-year High School Commercial Course.

The Classical Course gives the student an invaluable appreciation of the classics, both ancient and modern, which will be of great value to the possessor in later years.

While the study of Latin may seem irksome to its student now, he is meanwhile laying a foundation for a large and varied vocabulary. A sizable vocabulary is of inestimable value to anyone, in any branch of the business world.

A knowledge of literature and an appreciation of the classics will afford the student a great deal of pleasure in later life.

Therefore, the Classical Course is the more practical course because it leads to college, because it prepares for better life usefulness, because it lays a better foundation for business than the Commercial Course, and because it gives an understanding of the classics.

F. I. K. '23.

Our Teachers

The lot of a teacher is not an easy one. He or she is not a tyrant ruling the classes with an iron hand. A teacher is a helper — a molder of our future character. Teachers do not only instruct us in the various courses but also they usually help us to form ideals — our points of view on life. Next to our mothers, our greatest teachers, come those who instruct us in the education of our youth. We, who are now pupils in high school, little realize or appreciate this fact.

We hardly ever think that our teachers are striving to give us their best, are working to make the studies interesting to us, and are laying a firm foundation for our future. Must it not be very discouraging to a conscientious teacher to receive no response, no co-operation from a pupil who makes no effort to be interested in his work? Ought we not to repay the kind helpfulness shown us by doing our very best in carrying out instructions? It is surely the easiest way to show our gratitude, and it is not only aiding our teachers, but in the end it will be a material gain for us.—E. J. '22.

Literature

The Man Who Found Himself

By PRISCILLA PACKARD, '24

On a certain Christmas eve, not long ago, four men, prisoners, were piling up great logs of wood in the yard of the old Williamstown prison. They worked briskly as the night was cold, and the warmth within was anticipated with some degree of pleasure; that is, by three of the group, for the fourth, when the work was finished and the others had started for the building, lingered behind, dallying with the chips and small pieces of wood that lay on the snow. In their haste to get inside, his companions had not noticed that he stayed behind. As soon as the great door clanged after them, he clambered quickly up the pile of logs and vaulted lightly over the wall. The man straightened up and drew a deep breath of relief. How cool the air was and how bright the stars! All this was his since he was free, and yet how strange the freedom seemed now that he possessed it! At first he had longed for liberty in a vague, uncertain way, but as time passed the desire grew. Discipline in the old prison was lax. There had been many occasions before when he had been sorely tempted, but not until then had he been sufficiently bold to take the final step.

In the little church across the way a Christmas Eve service was being held. The soft, mellow light within streamed out upon the snow with a cheery warmth that attracted him. He moved a step forward and, as he paused to listen, the words of an old Christmas hymn were borne faintly to him on the crisp night air:

"Today be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song."

With it came a tide of memory that swept over him in a flood and suddenly all his

delight left him. It brought harshly before him that Christmas when there had been no joy in his heart but only a dumb wonder and horror. Five years ago that night he had killed his brother.

As children, both the Marston boys had played with Alice, the little girl next door, and both the men loved her. However, she had favored the younger brother, so when the inevitable crisis, came William Marston, in a fit of passion bordering on insanity, committed the crime which overshadowed his whole life.

The congregation was now singing the remainder of the hymn. He did not wish to hear and yet could not seem to draw himself away.

"Peace on earth, good will to men;
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births,
And life diviner far."

"Ye men of strife, forget today
Your harshness and your hate——"

He could listen no longer, the song tortured him. It was impossible for him to forget, but in the midst of the bitterness of his penitence and remorse came this thought: What right had he to be free and to live among men, fine upright men who sang of peace and good will? And then some force within, something greater, stronger than his love of liberty, compelled him to turn back.

Thus it happened that no one ever knew the struggle and the victory that had taken place in the heart of one man that night for when the keeper, searching for him, opened the door of his cell, he found him flung on his cot, his face hidden in his hands, seemingly asleep. But only God, brooding over the Christ-child, saw the clenched hands.

A "Ki-yi-in" Hound

By WINIFRED WHETTON, '23

"It was just about war time when Hank Downing and I had our first fallin' out and almost all on account of a measly ki-yi-in hound, and then Bess, she bein' known as the Queen of the Cumberland region, took her stand and then things happened.

"Believe me, when Bess was aroun', things did happen. All this came about last fall. It seems as if the country was looking for men to go to France and fight the Germans. I was willin' to go, but Hank, the great bullyin' coward, had a kind of a skeered streak and he thought he'd best stay to home, until Bess had somethin' to say.

"Bess had been learnin' this Red Cross business and she seemed to know a hull lot about enlisting and all that kind of thing. The recruitin' feller had been aroun' that day and I signed up, but Hank, he jest wouldn't until after Bess talked to him."

"Hank and I always had a hankerin' for Bess. She's a dern pretty girl, but she's always a dreamin' about these city dudes, so we didn't get much chance to talk with her.

"This night Hank had gone down to see Bess's Dad about selling his plow horse, but her Dad was down to Joel Miller's house, and so Hank found Bess all alone. I had just been wanderin' roun' by the spring watching the moon rising over the hills and listening to the leaves rustlin' when I heard Bess's voice a-sayin', 'No, Hank, I can't marry you because you are a slacker.' Then Hank would plead n' plead but it didn't bother Bess none, and I was feelin' pretty fine because she had refused Hank and I began to crawl up

nearer and nearer, so's I could hear what they were sayin', when all of a sudden I stepped on Hank's hound and it let out the derndest ki-yi I have ever heard.

"When that started, Hank got mad and he hollered, 'Who's there?' I said, 'Only me, Hank.' But Hank was mad and he said, 'Huh, thought you'd be snoopin' roun' somewhere! Come out here and fight like a man.'

"I wasn't goin' to stan' for this kind of talk, so I went out and we started a regular scrap. Hank walloped me a coupla' times and I was nearly licked until we heard Bess a-sayin', 'Oh boys, please stop!' Hank hollers out, 'I will not, I'm going to kill this snoopin' sneak if it takes me a year.' Then Bess up an' says, 'Yes, Hank Downing, you offer some of this here killin' business to Uncle Sam.' Then Hank was sore clean through, so he quit, and he and his hound disappeared.

"Soon as I got my hat back to where it belonged and my necktie straightened, Bess said, 'Herm, won't you please come down to the spring with me?' I was so flustered I came near to flyin'. Well anyway we got to the spring and I asked Bess if she could ever love me, and she said, 'yes.'

"So now we are married an' Bess is a Red Cross nurse, an' I am in Uncle Sam's army. We left Hank back in Cumberland, but the folks didn't have any use for a slacker so I guess he finally joined up and now he's shining shoes for General Pershing.

"The dog? Oh, he's still ki-yi-in!"



Justice

By HARRIET M. HOWE '22

Lieutenant-Commander George Edward Percival Algernon Manning, lately expelled from Cambridge, disinherited by his father,

and now of the Royal British Navy, stood, or rather lounged, on the forward deck of H. M. S. "Victoria." A fine figure of a man,

indeed! Of medium height, and rather slender, he carried his shoulders with a perpetual droop, as though the very weight of them was too great for him to hold up. The nose and chin rather predominated in his face, and it was hard for one to keep from wondering how soon that long pointed chin, and the long, hooked nose would meet over those thin lips and white, even, receding teeth. The pale, grayish blue eyes would have been almost characterless but for a certain bold cruelty in them. From the flat, retreating forehead his straight black hair was brushed sleekly back to the line of his collar. His uniform was well fitting, and fastidiously pressed, and brushed—but not by himself! Between the first and second fingers of his right hand reposed the inevitable cigarette—the fourteenth that morning.

It was a “beastly” morning in George Edward’s eyes. In the first place that “blooming” sun was altogether too bright; it had waked him right out of a sound sleep at ten o’clock, an unearthly hour to arise. Then his valet had laid out the wrong shoes for him to put on. His toast was burned, his tea was cool; and on top of that the admiral had given him *fourteen* letters to get out before night. War sure was—horrible! And now, after all he’d endured, he discovered that he was completely out of his favorite brand of cigarettes, and, what was worse, the “Tommy,” he’d sent after a fresh supply was “dewcedly” slow in returning. *Well*, he’d show the “bloody worm” who was boss around here when he did get back!

A few moments later a clean-skinned, red-headed youngster of perhaps nineteen years, in the uniform of a British private, came toward him and saluted briskly. Lieutenant Commander Manning didn’t bother to return the salute.

“I’m sorry, sir, to have kept you waiting, but I went to six different stores, and could only get ‘Camels.’ Thrusting his hand in his packet, he drew out the package.

The muscles around the Commander’s mouth seemed to contract. “Just what did I tell you to get?”

“E-er—Pall Mall’s,” sir. “I’m very sorry, but——”

“Was there any reason why you couldn’t try at the *seventh* place?” His voice was suavely controlled.

“Why, I’m very sorry, sir, but—er—but—as I told you I went six places, and I—I didn’t want to keep you waiting any longer, and——”

Slowly the officer reached out his hand and took the package of cigarettes. He examined it calmly, turned it over, looked at it again, and contemptuously tossed it over the railing. A second later, a faint splash announced its arrival in the sea. Then, with deliberate quiet, he placed the cigarette butt he had been holding, in his mouth, drew a long breath, and blew the smoke squarely in the boy’s face.

The lad went white with anger, and it was with difficulty that he controlled his voice, “I tell you, I’m sorry, sir! I——”

With a ringing slap, Manning struck him on the mouth. “Sorry! You dirty little brat! Let me hear you say sorry again, and I’ll give you something to be sorry about! You bloody slacker, to dare to stand there and lie to me like that when you aren’t fit to lick my boots!” Viciously his boot shot out and sent the boy to his knees.

Jimmy Martin was red-headed, and red-blooded. An instant later and his fist had landed in the exact centre of Lieutenant-Commander Manning’s physiognomy.

The next morning in the cold, gray mist of early dawn, six figures, including one James Albert Martin, private in the service of His Majesty, George V of Great Britain, were lined up against a wall, and shot.

“For striking an officer, the penalty is death.”

"The Girl's" Christmas

By MADELINE KROLL, '24

It was late. The tiny hands of the ivory clock on the dressing-table neared the hour of midnight.

A fire still smouldered in the grate and before it, ensconced in a chintz-covered easy-chair sat "The Girl." Her grey eyes gazed pensively into the flames and her shining hair reflected the glinting lights of fire. The corners of the small mouth drooped a little dejectedly, in fact the whole frame expressed complete exhaustion.

"The Girl" had lived all her life in the Islands. Her father was a government official and she was the only child. Her mother was a sweet soul who was always contented when she knew that her daughter was happy. And so they had lived; happily and uneventfully the years slipped by. "The Girl" received her education from the best of tutors. She had always been happy and care-free, if sometimes a bit willful.

Six months ago she had realized her heart's desire. She left the humdrum life of the Island to come to Washington. Gladly had she parted from her childhood's playground to come to a more splendid one.

Under the patronage of her aunt she had been introduced into society which had welcomed her with open arms. The last few months had been one grand whirl of luncheons, theatre-parties, balls, fêtes, polo games, and state banquets. "The Girl" plunged into these activities with the zest and vigor that comes from having been denied these things. She moved in the most select of circles and felt perfectly at ease.

Her aunt saw in her a future leader of Washington society. She wrote glowing accounts of "The Girl's" success to the "Little Mother," but the "Little Mother" was not so joyous as she ought to have been, for she had grown pale and a bit listless; the father was frankly worried, though he would not admit it.

And so the months had flown by and Christmas had come—a trying time for the debutante. "The Girl" made long lists of her friends, and tried to find a different present for each one. A small fortune was spent on gifts, and "The Girl" was a nervous wreck. She had delivered the last of her presents that evening.

As she sat dreaming, three letters lay in her lap. She handled them idly but did not seem inclined to open them. Two bore the mark of the Island, and one had been posted in the Capitol, probably another greeting card!

Finally she broke the seal of the one written in her father's careful hand. He had not wished to mar his child's pleasure by telling her of the "Little Mother's" condition, but in his letter he told her frankly that the situation was serious.

"I do not urge you to come home," he wrote, "but I know that under the circumstances my little girl will do just what is best."

It was an appeal straight from the heart of a lonely father. "The Girl" felt it keenly.

The next one, bearing the Washington stamp, was written on the finest linen; the handwriting was as neat as any to be found in a copy book. This letter was from Nordon Kirkhill, a prominent member of the Embassy as well as a leader in society. His letter mentioned the fact that he desired "The Girl" to be his wife. He stated eloquently the advantages that she would have. But he need not have done so, for "The Girl" knew only too well the position that would be hers if she married the distinguished gentleman. Her aunt had plainly said that if this alliance were formed, she would make her niece the sole heiress of her fortune. This was an opportunity not to be neglected.

Reluctantly she roused herself from her reverie and opened the remaining letter. Of course it was from "The Boy," the one

that she had left behind. He was only a schoolmaster, and a man of modest means. She knew only too well the sentiments found on the closely written pages, for she had heard them many times before, yet now there was a new ring. He was lonesome, almost desperate. He needed her!

Why should she go? She was not really needed. He could find some one else if he

were lonesome. She should not spoil her social career. She could not, she would not!!!!

Through the waning hours of the night she struggled with her problem, and when at last Christmas morn came amid softly falling snow she made her decision. She would go home. Back once more to the old home. And her heart was filled with gladness for again the right had triumphed.



With the Story Lady in the October Woods

By ELEANOR JONES, '22

It was a cool October morning. The sun made the brilliantly clad trees glow with splendor. The gently flowing river reflected on its glassy smoothness, with even deeper color, the bright blue sky above. From the far deep woods came a long, far-reaching call—the call of softly falling leaves, of the quick thud of dropping butternuts, of the rustle of a squirrel as it scampered over the dried leaves, and of the occasional whir of a partridge.

To the hearts of Richard, Alberta and the Story Lady, came this impelling call. Into those far deep woods a-nutting they were going. The children always loved to go with the Story Lady because she told such lovely stories about woodsy things. As they trudged along, each holding a hand of the Story Lady, through the maple-sugar-grove, where in the spring all would be hustle and bustle among the now tranquil trees, they looked up into the Story Lady's face. She was almost like a wood-nymph herself, they sometimes thought, for she had such merry brown eyes, such crinkly gold-brown hair, and when on a hike she always dressed in brown.

Far ahead, shining in contrast to the dark woods nearby, was an open, sunlit pasture where most of the butternut trees grew. In all their eagerness, the children begged the Story Lady to race with them. Such fun it was to run through the rustling,

crunching leaves! When they reached the opening, the children, who of course won, stood motionless with delight, drinking in the beauty of a flaming maple which at one side of the pasture lifted its radiant beauty to heaven. Forgetting the butternuts that were lying all around them on the ground, Alberta cried, "Oh, Story Lady, tell us how the trees got their wonderful dresses."

"All right," said the Story Lady, "but let's put the bag we brought for the nuts on this big, flat rock, Dick, and then we can all sit down and rest while I tell you the story."

When all was fixed and they had sat down on the stone in the warm sunlight the Story Lady began,

"Once upon a time, in the very first spring, Mistress Nature called all the brown-clad tree-ladies together. There was a great question to be decided; the question of what dresses they should wear during the spring, summer, and fall. Now Mistress Nature knew that so many trees could never be able to decide just what they all wanted to wear, but would only quarrel; so she selected three trees: a very small baby tree, a solemn young lady tree, and a rather frivolous middle-aged tree. When asked what dress she would like to wear, the little baby tree said, in a tiny baby voice, 'I'd like to wear a dress of pale green like the sky at early dawn on an April morning.' The serious young tree said, in a matter-of-fact voice,

'I'd like to wear a dress of deep blue like the sky at noontide on a day in June.' And the wise though frivolous middle-aged tree said, 'Your choice may seem very fine to you, my dears, but I—I'd like to always wear a dress like the most gorgeous sunset ever beheld at close of day.' Now Mistress Nature was very well pleased with these replies but she found it hard to plan a way in which they should all be satisfied. Finally she said, after having pondered long:

"In the spring time I will give all the trees a pale green dress to wear, colored like the sky at early dawn on an April morning. But in the summer, as I cannot give you a blue dress as the sky at noontide on a day in June, I will give you a dress of deeper green than your spring one. When, after a happy summer which now wanes into fall, you become weary of your dresses of green, as soon as I receive a complaint from you, I will send my trusty helper, Jack Frost, and he will, by his magic power change your dresses into colors copied right from sunset. But be not overhasty to gain these charming raiments, for I promise you the first ones will not always be the best. Patience will be rewarded in bountiful measure.' So that's how the trees got their fall dresses," concluded the Story Lady.

"Oh, Story Lady, how wonderful it all is," cried Alberta joyously.

"Yes," agreed Dick, "but let's get some of these butternuts we came for."

For a long time they picked up the nuts that were strewn all around; finally, when their bag was full and many nuts still remained on the ground, the Story Lady said:

"We must leave these nuts for the squirrels for their store this winter."

"Their store? I didn't know they kept a store," said Alberta.

"Oh, yes, they sell butternuts to all the wood-folk, especially the brownies."

"What else do brownies eat?" queried Dick.

"Oh, they eat honey. They buy that from the bees and they pay for it in gold."

"In gold! They must be very rich!"

"They are. They get the gold from the goldthread, for don't you remember—

'In the spring, long after the snow,
When the goldthreads begin to grow,
After the nodding bellworts play
The fairies' Angelus at close of day,
Many a night when the moonlight's fair,
Hundreds of brownies'll be gathered there.
Each like the blood-thirsty pirates of old,
Will be seeking and digging for gold!'"

"Oh, Story Lady, you never told us that before," said Alberta. "And what do the bees do with the gold?"

"The bees take the gold and drop it somewhere in a woodland nook to grow. Soon a little flower is formed and the bees get honey from it. And then the next spring the brownies dig for the treasure and the same thing happens to the gold as before. And now we must go home," the Story Lady said.

Back they walked through the grove of stately trees, across the red-brown meadows, across the bridge where they lingered to watch the many-colored leaf-boats floating on the calm river, back they wandered out of the land of dreams and make-believe into the land of common-place.



The Mountain of Life

By DOROTHY HEALY, '23

Everyone was excited because of the discovery of the long-lost bottle which contained *The* manuscript, or at least everyone thought it must be the treasured document.

Years before—many, many years before, the manuscript of a wonderful woman was lost, or this is the way tradition has it. This wonderful, clever woman, fearing that the

paper might be destroyed by fire or perhaps stolen by thieves, concealed it safely and securely in a dark green bottle which was placed in a secret closet or a hole in the cellar. There was also a theory that it might be buried in the garden or woods surrounding the house. But at any rate, the possessor died without revealing the hiding place of the precious manuscript.

So for many years people had conjectured and wondered about the hiding place of the bottle. No one seemed to know what the paper was about, but surely it must be very important if so much care had been taken of it.

Now, a glass object answering the description of the bottle had been found in the hollow trunk of a tree near the house. People were assembling from far and wide to witness

the opening of the bottle, at which occasion the mayor was to officiate.

At the appointed time when all had gathered, the band played loudly and the mayor ascended the platform which had been erected. The bottle was set on a table in a place of honor. The multitude gazed in awe at the long-sought for article. Finally, they became impatient and cried out to have it opened.

Then the large stopper was pried out with much difficulty, and everyone stopped talking. In fact, there was such a profound silence that the mayor's watch was heard ticking.

As the paper was taken from the bottle, everyone held his breath in suspense. Then as the tension broke the mayor unfolded the paper and read, "A Recipe For The Prevention of Gray Hair."



Preferably an Elderly Gentleman

By DOROTHY RHODA FREEMAN, '22

Everything had gone wrong with Molly that morning. To begin with, the elderly gentleman who was to occupy one of the spacious bedrooms in the old mansion, had announced his intention of arriving that very evening instead of a week later as previously planned. Molly had insisted on having a boarder who was past middle age, declaring they needed less attention, and young men were a nuisance anyway.

Bob was another of Molly's very trying problems. Brothers usually were, and this one was no exception to the rule. On this morning, of all mornings, he chose to stay in bed, until poor Molly nearly lost her temper trying to make him get up in time for school.

It would be wrong to say that Molly was cross, because with all her trials, she was very seldom angry. Now that the morning meal was disposed of, another breakfast was being prepared. Molly had taken out a dainty tray, and arranged with love and care a delicious breakfast. All the sorrow and care was hidden in her face as she carried the tray to a room on the second floor.

Opening the door softly she stepped into a dimly lighted chamber. Molly hastened to the windows to raise the shades. The glorious morning sunshine filled the room with tints of loveliness.

"Good morning, dear! And how are my children this morning? You mustn't work too hard to-day, Molly, and do be sure and have Bobbie carry up the coal. You know he is young and apt to forget—and oh, if the money is getting too low, remember I still have my jewelry."

Molly winced a little at this last remark, but hastened to comfort her mother.

"Now, don't you worry one bit. I can manage things just beautifully. You eat your breakfast now, and don't mention money again." With a bright smile Molly skipped out of the room.

That morning the young girl went about her tasks with a heavy heart. She knew that her mother would object to taking a boarder into their home, but she also realized that this plan was the only way of keeping from her mother the true knowledge of their financial

condition. Again, Molly had vague hopes of forestalling the time, when the old mansion would be theirs no longer. Mr. Anthony had been there that morning to warn her that the mortgage was very near due.

Bob's light footsteps at the side of the house warned his sister that it was time to get lunch.

"I say, sis, we've got the nicest new principal at our school! He can do anything; says he was coming to see us soon, so I told him to come to supper tonight."

"Bob!" cried Molly sharply. "You didn't do that!"

"Sure! You don't mind, do you?"

"Well, no—but next time, please ask me first," Molly replied.

All afternoon Molly busied herself preparing the evening meal. It was bad enough to have an old man coming without a young man, too, one who would probably be critical of everything she did.

It was a flushed and excited Molly who slipped out of a large apron at the sound of the front door-bell.

"Miss Graham, I believe," inquired a tall, exceedingly good-looking young man.

"Yes, won't you come in? Bobbie told me you were coming."

Molly did not notice the mischievous twinkle in the stranger's eyes as he tactfully replied, "Master Bob did not tell you my name then. I am Mr. Morgan."

Molly stepped back aghast. "Mr. Morgan—but I thought you were the new principal."

"And so I am," he replied. "I do hope you won't be angry with me. You see, I had to have a place to stay, and when I read your advertisement I thought it really wouldn't make much difference, until Bob told me that you expected an elderly gentleman. I promise not to be any bother at all—if you will let me stay."

Molly never lost her temper, but now she was very indignant. Tossing back her proud little head, she answered: "You may stay until you can make other arrangements. I will send Bob in to show you to your room." With that she left him alone.

For the next two weeks her attitude did not change toward the boarder; that is, until she was obliged to speak to him. For the morning had brought her a notice that the dear old mansion would be sold at auction within a week. After supper that evening she accosted Mr. Morgan on the stairway.

"I am very sorry, but you will have to leave in two days."

"Oh, come now, Miss Graham, you really ought to give me a chance. I haven't been such a terrible nuisance, have I?"

"No—but—"

Morgan was so alarmed at the expression in Molly's face that he ventured to ask her if she were in trouble. The girl was so worried that she was glad to pour her troubles out to some one. When she had finished, Morgan squared his shoulders and said, "I will do my best to help you, Miss Molly, and in the meantime, don't worry. There is always some way out of our difficulties."

When the day of the auction arrived, Molly's fears were renewed. The entire estate had been sold to some unknown bidder. She had secretly hoped that Mr. Morgan would do something, but he was nowhere to be seen at the time of the auction.

He came in, however, at the evening meal. After Molly had related to him the full details of the sale, he again told her not to worry.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, and still Molly was not obliged to move from her beloved home.

Molly and Philip Morgan had grown to be close friends. One evening while they were sitting before the fire Philip spoke:

"Molly, I have found a place to board, and will be leaving here soon."

"But —this place isn't mine, and you are free to stay as long as you like."

"Molly, this place is yours as long as you wish to live in it, but I must go, unless—unless you and I can share it together," he added softly.

And, through a daughter's loving sacrifice, a sweet-faced little mother lived happily in her home.

The Midnight Storm

By MERRILL C. TENNEY, '22

It was the night before Christmas, but nothing save the calender betokened it. There was no bright, genial, starlit sky; no brisk, tingling, cheery cold; no, nor even a mild and peaceful descent of snow. Instead, the world was shrouded in intense gloom; a biting wind, driving before it a storm of mingled sleet and rain, whirled across the wooded hills and desolate valleys. The naked trees groaned and shivered as the blast wailed through their tops; the sleet rattled on the frozen ground; and every living thing which dared to stir abroad in the wild night cowered in silence, for Death rode on the gale.

On the top of the highest hill, in the little town of Sparkill-on-the-Hudson was situated a venerable old house, built by some forgotten patriarch before the Revolution. Because of its prominent locality, it was a landmark for miles around. Its high, clapboarded walls, its massive chimneys, its broad, panelled door with ornate brass knocker, its wide, flat doorstep, the spacious grounds which surrounded it, and which it overlooked, were all of a friendly and hospitable appearance. For fully a century and a half its hearth had been the center of cheer for a family gathered in union during the Christmas holidays; and even though the weather was dreary without, happiness had invariably abounded within at Yuletide.

This Christmas, however, seemed to be exceptional. No joyous family had convened within the ancestral walls; no romping children filled its great living room with their laughter. Instead—

In the living-room were a man and a woman. An electric lamp with a red silk shade shed a glowing crimson light over their faces as they sat before the massive mahogany table. Neither spoke. Perfect silence reigned, except for the howls of the furious tempest outside, the clatter of sleet on the windows, and the perpetual ticking of a large, marble clock on the mantle-piece.

These two silent personages were a striking-looking couple. The woman, who was perhaps forty years old, was a tall, commanding figure, clad in a rich maroon and black gown. Her thick, black hair, wound in shining coils on the top of her head, surmounted a handsome, cynical, proud, and wilful face. Her broad, high forehead, her lustrous, glittering black eyes which shone through her long black eyelashes, her thin, sensitive, Grecian nose, her closely pressed lips, which formed a perfect Cupid's bow, and her firmly rounded chin betokened a mind of the first order, an iron will, and a thoroughly selfish soul. The black eyes could flame with a terrible anger, the delicate, Grecian nose could distend with scornful haughtiness, the Cupid's bow could discharge venomous, stinging arrows of sarcasm. Hers was a cruel beauty, and the man well knew it.

He was a marked contrast to her. His tall dignified, portly form, slumped dejectedly in the armchair. Like her, he was handsome; or rather, had been. His iron-gray hair, rumpled into a thatch by his nervous fingers, stood on end. Time and worry had plowed deep furrows in his forehead. His eyes, reddened by lack of sleep, peered furtively in a cowed, lack-lustre manner from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. His heavy, gray mustache, by its draggled appearance, strongly accentuated the drooping lines of despair which quivered at the corners of his mouth. His very clothes looked tired: his gray broadcloth suit was badly wrinkled, his black bow tie sagged at the ends, his immaculately clean shirt had a peculiarly lifeless aspect. Fifty-five winters had this man seen; but he looked seventy. His entire personality, as reflected in his appearance, was broken, oppressed, despairing, and totally miserable.

While the two thus mused, the storm increased. The desolate wail of the wind became more and more plaintive; the clatter of the hail became more and more incessant. A log in the fireplace, burnt through, suddenly

crashed down between the andirons and sent a volley of sparks up the chimney. The clock struck half-past eleven. Still neither moved. Fifteen more minutes passed. When the quarter hour sounded, the woman, reaching out with her tapered, jewelled hand, grasped a bundle of papers that were lying in disorder on the table, and shoved them toward the man—her husband.

Listlessly he picked them up, glanced over them, sighed, shook his head slowly, and replaced them on the table. Then he relapsed into his former state of vacant, indifferent meditation. The woman, with a frown, waited a few moments, then rapped impatiently with her knuckles on the table, and just as the marble clock began the first stroke of midnight, she drew from her sleeve a small, pearl-handed pistol, and laid it in full view on the table.

The click of the metal on the wood aroused the man. With a start he turned his head, looked first at the pistol, then at the handsome sneering face behind it, then back at the pistol again. The man took the papers in his hand, and looked the woman squarely in the face with such an indescribable longing, such a piteous, hunted look in his eyes that it seemed as if she must relent. But no! The sneer became even more disagreeably pronounced; the soft bejewelled hand slowly closed into a hard pink-and-white fist; the Cupid's bow straightened into a thin, austere crimson line. The man, with the air of a criminal being led to execution, signed the papers, and wearily pushed

them back to the woman. With a glance she scanned them; saw that the despairing, scrawling signature was affixed to each one; saw that her insatiate lust for wealth had been gratified; and then as a tigress finally leaps upon the prey she has worried, she arose, and pointed to the door.

The man wavered for a moment in sheer amazement, and then went dumbly into the hall, where he procured his coat and hat. As she followed him, he backed into the entry, and stood there before the outer door. With one hand on the door-knob, he raised the other, and pointed an accusing finger at her. Horror, love, and despair struggled for the mastery of his visage, and mingled into one ghastly expression. It seemed as though he would speak, but he could not. Instead, the eloquence of silence prevailed.

The final stroke of midnight clanged in the air. He turned the knob, the door flew open, and a gust of icy wind, cold as the grave, swept into the hall. As the last reverberation of the stroke died on the air, he threw up his hands, reeled out into the darkness and the door closed after him with a resounding crash—a crash that foretold ruin.

The storm passed in the night. On the sharp frosty air of Christmas morning the clear village chimes rang out as usual the old, sweet refrain: "Peace on earth, good will to men." But the same chimes which woke the people of Sparkill-on-the-Hudson to a day of festive joy, were the death knell of a soul—for the Christmas spirit of the old house had passed with Death on the gale.



Passersby

By HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

Whenever one is in a public place, and

has the opportunity, it is interesting to note the different types of characters that pass before the eyes. No matter how small the number, many of the idiosyncrasies of the human race are presented there. I have in mind a particular day. It was after a trip to the dentist's that I sat in the South Station. I usually have some reading matter with me,

but invariably my mind wanders from it and indulges in watching my fellow-beings. Such proved the case this time.

As I glanced up I noticed a laborer coming in the door, his shoulders bent with toil, his person besmirched with dirt, a tool bag by his side, together with the habitual little black tin lunch box. What a contrast he formed, as he shuffled along, to the girl following, dressed in the latest fashion, evidently believing with Lavater, "Dress is the index of your contents." But as I gazed at these two I couldn't help but think how much more interesting would be the Italian laborer, even in his ignorance, than this doll. How I would have liked to have followed his history back into his childhood!

I pictured him a happy little child in sunny Italy, his father a politician, but unfortunately one whose ideas were at variance with those of the present leaders. Thus, in a few years life became miserable. However, he had heard about the land of opportunity across the sea and the following spring found him and his family crowded in the steerage quarters of an ocean liner, bound for the land of dreams. But alas! it proved to be only a land of dreams, not of reality. The suffering for the first few years was acute. There were only odd jobs for the poor immigrant, and soon strength and life left him. Then the once happy child of the slopes of Italy, fifteen now, became chief supporter of the family. The mother, formerly a

woman of society, worked in a factory, fast aging under the strain. And so I followed the life of this man through the years, and I thought it no wonder that there are Reds and Bolsheviks. What had life offered to this man? Resentment was marked on his face, and the brain that might have benefited the world was now ready to turn against it. It seems to me a pity that this state of affairs continues. Why cannot we close our doors for a while, and then, when we do open them, be ready to fulfil the immigrant's dream?

A storm had been hanging over the city all afternoon, and now it broke. I likened it to the storm in the soul of the laborer, a man descended from the rulers of Italy, but now a mere common human being, trodden underfoot and shunned by the world; and there came to me a line from the "Singing Man," "Would God know his handwork?"

Many others passed: the dapper little man who works behind a counter, sprinting along in an attempted business-like fashion; the financier, his thoughts deeply concentrated on some stock problem, looking up just in time to avoid bumping someone; the shy little person, evidently following Franklin's advice, "Little boats should keep near shore." And so they continued to come before my notice.

In these stations of humdrum life are enacted many scenes, and as you gaze upon a sad farewell, or happy meeting, you, too, are joyous or sorrowful with the actors.



Home Brew

By MIRIAM FOWLE, '23

Bess swung slowly in the hammock, a vision of pink loveliness, and looked merrily up into the handsome sunburned face that glowered a few feet from her.

"Bear," she whispered, almost under her breath.

The man gazed at her with pain in his eyes.

"I don't understand," he said slowly.

"Of course you don't." Bess's smile was full of deep mysteriousness.

"Only yesterday you said——"

"I know, but I've changed my mind. That is a woman's privilege you know."

"You said," continued Jack, disregarding the interruption, "that it was the seventh time I had asked you, and that you believed in odd numbers, and you really did love me a little bit after all."

Bess made a little helpless gesture.

"You plagued me so," she said.

"But you said you loved me."

"Oh! that was yesterday!"

"Well, then, if you are as fickle as that and don't know your own mind from one day to the next, I know what I am going to do. Good-bye!" He turned and strode up the garden path, his shoulders eloquent of indignation.

Bess, with laughter in her eyes, watched him enter the house through the door that led past her mother's preserve closet to the upper floors. She thought to herself, "Poor boy! I do love to tease him; he says such ridiculous things. I wonder that he didn't threaten to drown himself in the well. Only last week he was going to Manila to get himself killed by the Filipinos, and the day before yesterday he said it was a good thing that revolvers are cheap. Oh, well, it's his own fault. He shouldn't be so domineering. Even if I do love him, I won't be captured by forceful persuasion. Oh, dear! I suppose if I don't go and make it up he will come and shoot himself at my feet or some such dramatic affair."

A muffled report like the short crack of an exploding cartridge came from the house.

Bess started. Fear, sudden and unaccountable, clutched at her heart. "What if he has——"

She started to run to the house but stopped suddenly.

Over the white steps a dark stain spread from under the door. Silently but quickly it grew larger. It reached the edge and began to drop to the ground thickly, redly, horribly.

She ran again, but faltered, for a voice faint but distinct called her from behind that tragic door.

She clutched her side, swayed; she made an effort to call, then fell.

On the instant the door burst open and Jack appeared. He was glowering no longer. His face was alight with laughter.

"Bessy," he called, "here is a tragedy. One of your mother's famous bottles of elderberry wine has burst. Went off like a——"



Shakespeare, the Man

By ELEANOR JONES, '22

William Shakespeare! What delightful thoughts are brought up by that name! A genius—ah, what a great one, and into what great spaces of light he has borne us! A genius—who with God-given skill turned half-forgotten stories of other languages into vivid, glowing, golden drama of real life! A genius—and yet a man who like the rest of us must have often "suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Brought up in a country village he learned to love the fields, the woods, and all things that grew and lived in them—in fact all Nature including his fellowmen. Great was his understanding of humanity. It is this bond of sympathy that makes all people enjoy reading and seeing his dramas. When he later went to London he continued his study of human nature so that he had then become acquainted with the people of both village and city.

As a dramatist he reached the highest peak in his art, a peak to which no one has

ever been able to climb—where he alone stands supreme. A master-artist he, who could at his will make his characters do his bidding, and fairly leap from the page in their naturalness.

Concerning his childhood and early education little is really known—much conjectured. He must have attended a grammar school at Stratford where he probably learned Greek and Latin. The writings of Plautus, Ovid, and Seneca were among his early studies. In many places throughout Shakespeare's works there are traces of the influence of Ovid's style. Later he must have acquired a knowledge of French and Italian, which must have been comparatively easy for one who had learned Greek and Latin at such an early age, because so many of the plots of his plays were taken from old French and Italian stories.

In fact, Shakespeare was a man in every sense of the word—a man whom we can all respect and admire.

The Old German Version of Hamlet

By BARBARA FISH, '22

In Kyd's old German play *Der Bestrafte Brudermord*, otherwise *Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, it is shown that actions having a general resemblance might be handled very differently in detail. Though preserved only through a manuscript, this play is clearly an early form of our *Hamlet*.

In this version there is neither passion nor pathos in Hamlet's action toward Ophelia. With her, he plays the pseudo-madman comically, not tragically. His "get thee to a nunnery" is blasphemy. Hamlet, in the German play makes use of the players, but writes nothing for them. He commands them to play "King Pyrrhus," whose brother pours poisoned wine in his ear, as in our play. After the play scene, Hamlet has a chance to kill the praying King, but does not for this difference in reason: that, to kill a praying person is to "take his sins upon thee." He then goes to the Queen, unbidden, and reproaches her, referring to the pictures, as in our play. Corambus (Polonius) is hidden, and is killed in the same fashion; whereupon the Ghost appears, with thunder and lightning, invisible and inaudible to the Queen. Hamlet takes the visitation simply as a demand for the hastening of his revenge; there is no dialogue, no self-reproach.

Leonhardus (Laertes) returns to avenge his father, and is pacified by the King. The King, however, plans the poisoned foil, Laertes doubtfully assenting. There is no burial of Ophelia. She has gone mad in a way to entertain the groundlings. The German Phantasmo, to whom Ophelia attaches herself, reveals the basis of Osrice. Hamlet has paid no attention to Ophelia. At the outset of the fencing match, the Queen brings news of her suicide, but the fencing goes on without a pause.

At the beginning of the Fifth Act, Hamlet is concerned because his vengeance is delayed, being "always surrounded by so many people." He tells Horatio of his experiences. (There is no graveyard scene.) Phantasmo comes with the invitation to the fencing match. Hamlet fools with Phantasmo in the fashion in which in our play he fools with Polonius; but immediately afterward is struck with apprehension, and faints with terror because his nose bleeds. Accordingly, he goes to the court with foreboding, and the fencing takes place.

The changing of foils, the wounding and confession of Leonhardus, the King's proffer of the poisoned drink, the Queen's interception of it, her death, and Hamlet's stabbing of the King, all follow in due course. There is no glad acceptance of death on the part of Hamlet. He tells Horatio he is revenged; his soul is now at peace; he hopes his wound will amount to nothing. He inquires who gave his mother the poisoned drink. Learning that it was Phantasmo, he stabs him. Then the poison overpowers him; with his dying breath he tells Horatio to carry the crown to Norway to his cousin, Duke Fortempas, so that the kingdom may not fall into other hands. Horatio concludes with a brief discourse, ending with four lines of sententious verse. There has been no previous mention of Fortempas.

The German play eliminates a quantity of detail that in no way helps the central action. Hamlet is the longest of all Shakespeare's plays, yet the *Brudermord* is the shortest of the three principal German versions of Shakespeare tragedies. There is, in fact, more removable matter in *Hamlet* than in many of Shakespeare's other plays.

A Christmas Dinner

By WHITMAN JOHNSTON, '24

George Washington Abraham Lincoln Jones was sitting on the granite stoop which served for the doorstep of his father's unpainted, vine-covered, ramshackle old house. George's thoughts were as black as his ebony-like features. He was planning what he would do to "Dem cops" when he grew up, because, to his ten-year-old mind, chicken stealing was no crime, especially if one's father did it. Moreover, if he didn't do it, they wouldn't have any Christmas dinner — an unthinkable calamity. Nevertheless, "Dem cops" considered it a crime, and George's father, the hero of so many of the little boy's dreams, was in jail. Consequently, it didn't look as if they were going to have any Christmas at all.

In the meantime, George's father, Rastus, was meeting his Waterloo — in the shape of his old master.

"Well, if it isn't my old gardener, Rastus Jones. What is this big fib I hear about your stealing one of my chickens last night, Rastus?"

"It's so, massa!"

"Why Rastus, do you mean to say that you really did that trick to me?"

"Yas, sah!"

"But why, Rastus? Tell me, my boy, why did you do this to me of all persons?"

"I'll tell yo', boss. You know, dat when I lef' yer place I had as much as fifty dollars dat yo' had saved fer me?"

"Yes, I remember perfectly, and you were just going to be married to Susie Lincoln."

"Yas sah, an' yo' tol' me dat ef I eber wanted anything to come back to you."

"Yes, Rastus."

"Wal, I done buy a little farm over thar by Coon Holler, and builds myself a house, and den I gets married."

"Good work, Rastus."

"De fus' few years went fine, sah. I tell yo', Susie an' me jus' piled up de money fas', but pretty soon one of dese big fat profeeters, I guess yo' calls them, buys up all de lan' aroun' me, an' boderd me so wid his ol' signs an' warnin's dat we jes' couldn' get along, an' de money began to go an' go, an' pretty soon we was jes' able to get along — it kep' gettin' worse, boss."

"Then was the time you should have come to me, Rastus."

"Oh, I know'd it, boss. De good Lord on'y knows de pride in dis nigger's heart tho', an' it was gettin' near Christmas, an' my own boy couldn' have eben a Christmas dinner."

"But Rastus why did you steal from my roost? Couldn't you have a revenge on this profiteer by going to his roost?"

"No, sar, I figured it out diferent. Ef I was caught in dat profeeter's coop, I would probably go to de jug fo' life, an' ef I was caught in yo' hen house, an' I know'd I would be, I could explain to yo', an' yo' would listen an' understan', an' my boy would have a Christmas dinner. It was ma pride dat made me stoop to stealin' yer hens, an' I neber expec' yo' to forgive me boss, an' I don' blame yo' if yo' don', but boss, what yo' gwine ter do when yo' promis' yer lil'le boy a chicken fo' dinner on Christmas day an' den tings happen so's yo' can't?"

"Rastus, I had a boy of my own, once."

"I neber hearn of him boss."

"I know it. I disowned him, disowned my own boy, Rastus, and I have just heard that he is dead."

"Oh, Mista' Bowman!"

"I forgive you absolutely, and I will see the judge about your release, on two conditions."

"Anything, Massar."

"One condition is that you will swallow

Song of the Cyclist

By M. C. T. '22

When the purple haze of the autumn days
Hangs low on the distant hills;
When the aureole rays of the sun's bright blaze
Are dancing on trickling rills;
When the dazzling band of the road's white sand
Stretches far as the eye can see;
There comes the demand of the unknown land—
Its enchantment summons me.

Then give me a wheel of trusty steel
To traverse the hills and dales;
For I love to feel its rhythmic reel
As it spins o'er the vanishing trails:
And far and wide through the country-side
Let me roam to my heart's content
And as fancy shall guide, so let me ride
'Neath the genial firmament.

Past the fruitful plain where the laboring swain
Is harvesting autumn's store;
Twixt the fields of grain whence the lumbering wain
Bears the sheaves to the threshing-floor;
Past the fields forlorn where the withered corn
Stands guard o'er the frosted vines
I will wander from morn till the herd-boy's horn.
Sound forth the rural chimes.

If by passing whim to the forest dim
 I betake my lonely way,
 I shall hear the hymn of the pine trees prim
 Sung as the wind doth sway
 Their lofty crest on its soothing breast
 With a wild, weird cadenced art;
 Here I would rest, for this place is best,
 Close to great Nature's heart.

A Pine Tree Lullaby

By DOROTHY KELLY, '23

Her head's up close to Heaven, and the cloud boats
cluster round,
And her arms are stretching outward, and down close
to the ground,
And she's a roomy cradle for little feathered things,
Whom she rocks upon the breezes,
And while she rocks she sings:

"I'm a lazy pine tree cradle

I'm a fragrant pine tree cradle

Sing, West Wind! Blow my pine charm to and fro,
Rock the baby's cradle, breathe and blow—
Lift the baby's cradle close to the friendly Star,
With the dipper and the light along the milky bar,
Sway the baby's cradle far, far, far!

Sing, ye little branches mine,
Murmur softly, leaflets fine,
Like the distant wavelets sighing,
Sing, ye little branches mine.
Dip low, West Wind, low, low
O'er the soft brown earth, blow, blow—
Where the brooklets gurgling flow,
Where the flowerlets nodding grow,
Where the days so swiftly go,
Dip low, West Wind, dip low!"



Mr. John Puts the Children to Bed

By MADELINE KROLL, '24

"Hello! John?" came an excited voice over the wire. "You must come right home. Letty Fisher is in town and she wants me to go to the theater with her. I'll leave directions, and don't forget to bring the cat in before you go to bed. I'll be home on the last train. Goodbye."

Mr. John groaned and mopped his brow. After dismissing the stenographer, he braced himself for the coming fray by taking a thimbleful of something.

Arriving at the house an hour later Mr.

John found a manuscript pinned to the mantle-piece. It contained explicit directions for feeding and putting to bed their two sons—Jack and Louis, aged seven and four years, respectively.

Being unable to find the children on the first floor he ascended to the upper regions where he found signs of some horrible struggle. Clothes and footwear were strewn all over the floor, in the hall, and upon entering his bedroom he found Louis clad in a cutaway coat administering the death blows to a

very bedraggled sealskin scarf, while Jackie was making hieroglyphics with a pin on his mother's dressing table.

Mr. John was moved upon seeing these evidences of primitive man cropping out in his offspring. It took a great deal of strategy and persistence to persuade the children to don their natural habiliments.

While Mr. John prepared the evening meal, Jack and Louis amused themselves by cutting pictures out of father's latest magazine.

With his wife's directions and the cookbook before him, he made elaborate preparations for the scrambling of some eggs. After several unsuccessful attempts he finally got the eggs sufficiently scrambled. In fact, they were mashed!

It cannot be said that the meal was exactly what you might call a success. The bread, which was served in chunks, was entirely devoid of butter, as that object had hidden itself so securely that, despite all his reconnoitering, Mr. John was unable to locate it.

When bedtime came the struggle became more severe. That process which is misnamed disrobing, was in reality a huge game of tag. Pursuing Louis to the library, Mr. John removed a shoe, a stocking on the piazza, and his tie in the coal bin. This game of hare and hound continued for over an hour, but finally both boys were safe in

bed, the cat was in, the dog was out, and peace reigned—for about five minutes! Then a fretful voice was heard. "Papa! I want a hankie." Sighing deeply father went to comply with his son's request. Five minutes later he heard another voice announcing: "Papa! This isn't a hankie; this is a dish-towel. Get me a real hankie."

Half an hour later, while Mr. John was trying to decipher the tattered remains of the defunct magazine, a small pajama'd figure appeared. It was Louis. "Papa," he announced, "Jackie has wented! He isn't in bed at all!"

"He has which?" demanded the astonished parent. "Where is the rascal, and what is he up to now?"

"Louis don't know," replied that individual. "Louis don't know nuffin about Jackie at all. Louis was asleep."

By this time his father was in the nursery, and it was plain that "Jackie had went."

After a systematic search Jackie was discovered under the sofa in the living room. As he refused to come out, his father found it necessary to move the couch. While he was in the act of lifting that cumbersome article the door opened, and in walked Mrs. John. In an instant two small figures had flown to her arms. "Oh you dear, dear children," she exclaimed.

"Yes," grunted her spouse, "you *dear*, *dear* children!!"



The Classification of Literature

By HENRY LEONARD, '23

All literature may be divided into two great classes—the spoken and the written.

Literature had its beginnings back in ancient days of Egypt, Babylonia, and old Palestine. The people of those days were gradually coming to a state where they made records of events, and, in some manner, those things they had learned in science, etc. The Old Testament, written at that

time, would be of inestimable value even if its literary worth alone were considered. However, it is the greatest gift of that old period.

The next people, the Greeks, offer many contributions. Their civilization is often acclaimed to be of the highest standard of perfection ever reached. They were the originators of many wonderful kinds of

literature, such as drama, and various types of poetry. In addition, they were the perfectors of those styles of writing already known as models. In fact, their literature still serves as a model for present-day writers.

The Romans were in reality imitators of the Greeks. Sometimes they polished, sometimes they marred the lustre of the Greek styles and writings. But they also added touches of their own. It was through their personal interest in Greek literature that much of it, which otherwise must have been lost, was preserved for us.

And there is yet another line of approach or growth—that is, through the influence of Germanic People. On old German legends and on their old manuscripts has been based the writing of many of their later authors whose works and influence have helped to make up our present-world literature. These, besides being the roots of more recent literary achievements, in themselves flourished and bore fruit.

The spoken language may be divided into three distinct classes: conversation, reading or recitation, and oration. The first class is of inestimable value, as it is the means of expressing ideas in an informal way. Generally, the literary value is negative in quality. Do not misunderstand me. I do not pretend to say that the context is of little worth; it is. Consider Socrates and his wonderful work. Beyond his informal presentation, little is known. His disciples wrote down what he said. What he taught is preserved, but his presentation is worded in direct quotation; and, therefore, much of his literary style is lost.

Reading and recitation are connected with the spoken language only as the written word is given orally. So this topic may be dealt with from two points of view: in the written language, for its context; and the spoken word for presentation. Therefore, I shall leave the study of this to be taken up in its proper place. One might consider dramatization and presentation of plays under this head.

But what of the third class, oration? A beginning in oratory was made when generals first encouraged their soldiers before a battle. This phase of oratory developed until men realized its advantage politically and educationally. It remained for the Greeks to perfect its usage in promoting projects and ideas. Greece is famed for her teachers and philosophers; Rome, for her orators—Cicero, Cato, Mark Antony and many others.

Latin oratory may be divided into three classes, as follows: deliberative-exhortative, where the speakers attempt to urge a group of disinterested people to some action or admission. Such are Cicero's "Orationes in Catilina." Declarative-exhortative may be sub-divided into those forms in which a leader urges his followers to action, and those in which the speaker merely makes statement of the truth or falsity of certain things and attempts to persuade or to prove. Judiciary oratory was that used in courts or in law cases, such as Cicero's suit against Verres. Today we have also the argumentative group comprising such types as debates; the instructive branch, such as lectures; the form of entertainment such as some humorist's speech; and finally, that group consisting of such small type as the after-dinner speech.

But the place of the spoken language is not so great as might be imagined, for so many times the speaker is incompetent. It is generally understood that the writer is shown at his best while the speaker is subject to a more severe test.

The written language far exceeds the oral language in regard to size and importance. Indeed, it is from the pen rather than the tongue that there have come our greatest masterpieces. Do not forget that all great speeches are always transferred to writing.

The first form of writing I shall consider is History. A history is judged in three ways: with regard to its proper relation of fact, its value in the science of history, and its literary worth. In former days the writer of a history did not strive for ac-

curacy, but rather spent his energy in perfecting a literary style that would merit credit; whereas more recent authors attempted to ascertain the truth. And so those earlier histories by such authors as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Caesar find a place of greater respect in the literary world than many of our later historical productions.

And now we come to a much larger phase of literature—poetry. I will deal with poetry in three separate classes: the dramatic, the lyric, and the epic poetry.

Drama will be discussed more fully in the section devoted to plays. Sometimes it is written in poetry for reading purposes only. Its place in poetry is quite important. Shakespeare is the master-dramatist.

Lyric poetry is that in which the author expresses his own feelings, desires, or emotions. This may be divided into four classes: the lyric, the sonnet, the ode, the elegy. The lyric is a poem where the author expresses either his own feelings, sentiments, and emotions, or those of another. Such songs as those in Tennyson's "Princess," "Sweet and Low," "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls," etc., are excellent examples.

The sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines expressing similar beliefs and developed by a well-defined rhyming scheme.

The ode is distinguished by its more dignified style. It is usually addressed to some person or thing. It is one more literary device for which we are indebted to the Greeks. Milton and Dryden are notable English exponents of the three.

The elegy is a memorial or an expression of feeling which one experiences at time of grief. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a wonderful illustration.

Epic poetry is divided into two classes: the epic and the ballad.

The former is a somewhat longer poem which relates a narrative. Take the *Odyssey* for an example. It is purely a story poem and may include any period of time. Closely connected with the epic poem is the ballad.

The latter generally centres about some one point, and is usually written about some historical subject.

But let us now continue to the next division, that of prose. This is probably the largest single division that there is, in spite of the fact that the higher thoughts of men are generally expressed in poetry. Its importance is great because of this magnitude.

Our largest class is the narrative. In this comes the novel, a story of some length, in which only the absolutely natural happens. Many are the kinds of novels, ranging all the way from the absolutely bad to the very excellent. More writers are experimenting with the novel as a literary form than the public can conceive. As a universal literary device, the novel ranks supreme.

The romance is a story in which unnatural, mysterious, or impossible things may happen. Scott's "Waverley Novels" contain some romance in them. Though the number of incapable writers may seem to us more excessive than in other literary periods, we must remember that all we hear about former writers in only what has come to us through a fight with time in which only the fittest survived.

The short story finds quite an important place in narratives. It gives an author a chance to write a variety of stories which may be of a suitable length to dispose of one single plot.

These are all related to each other in that they all narrate a series of events to gain an end. They are, however, of different construction and form one very important class of literature.

The essay and the treatise constitute another class. Their essential difference is as regards length. They are both discussions of the subjects chosen. The essay treats in a general way and is shorter. The treatise, dealing in a more specific way dividing into individual parts is, of course, longer.

Description is that branch which paints in words a scene, object, or sensation. It gives an opportunity for an author to show

his ability in transmitting ideas. The best descriptions are those that make the most real pictures. It is a chance to show the beautiful or the ugly, the real or the unreal, the right or the wrong. It is seldom used alone but is much used with other forms of writing, as in stories.

Exposition is explanation of the method of doing something, of its rise, of its working parts, etc. Textbooks are expositions. A physics book explains and gives the laws of physics.

Written arguments differ in style from oral arguments. The style of writing varies to suit the purpose. Arguments are written for varying purposes: to encourage, to discourage, to promote, to destroy, to aid, to hinder; and each has its own method of approach.

Letters are of literary value with reference to the man's true ability. They show his faults as well as his merits. They are written in as many ways as there are writers. They are of value for their contents, much more than for their literary style.

Biographies form another separate group. They are histories of individuals and may be treated as such.

Anecdotes, etc., are merely mentioned to include another group which is, however, of little literary value. It might be useful to remember it as one classification.

And the last form of prose composition is the report. This varies in style as the purposes differ. It includes any report from an account of a baseball game (not very literary) to the "copy" of a senator after making some investigation. Sometimes the style is "snappy and short," sometimes lofty. Sometimes it is filled with statistics. This class should be divided when the reader finds occasion to use it. It is a large classification chiefly because of its variety of subjects, not because of the especial importance of any one.

Drama is one of the largest classes and is written either in poetic or prose form. It is composed of tragedy and comedy. Tragedy

is recognized by its more melancholy tone of sadness and its usually unhappy ending. It was originated by the Greek, Aeschylus, though the honor is often given to Thespis. It is written in a loftier, more dignified style, than other forms. It generally is the story of the troubles of a noble person who through uncontrollable earthly circumstances has brought disaster upon himself.

The second kind of drama, comedy, is typified by its lighter treatment and its happier conclusion. Its subject matter is less serious than in tragedy and the style is less dignified. Humor, however, is not so exaggerated as in burlesque or farce. Many plays seldom classed as comedy when they are first considered, really belong in this division, while many others often called comedy are of a lower order. Indeed although a comedy is not necessarily comical, it must not be tragic. The common idea of comedy is of much lower rate than the actual facts should demand. Whatever Aristophanes may have meant when he started the long line of comedy writers, surely the true sense of the word today is of a higher plane than is usually granted it. When you read this, think of "Twelfth Night" or "The Merchant of Venice," and contrast them with Barrie's "Quality Street" or "Mary Rose."

Melodrama is that form of play which is developed by devices arousing excitement, by striking situations, startling incidents, and exaggerated sentiment. It is generally of a serious character and is accompanied with splendid decoration and with music. It usually represents the romantic in play-writing. However, its original meaning was a species of drama to be introduced with music. A few plays are entirely developed by this method, though its chief purpose is to be introduced into other plays to gain desired effects. In fact among those plays that have withstood a test of years, this is almost its exclusive use. This usage has, then, been its most valuable connection with literature of an auxiliary type, but in later years it has featured as an independent type

Opera is a musical drama sung on the stage. The writing is as any drama; its beauty comes from effects accompanying staging and musical adornment. It is divided into classes similar to those of drama. It originated in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its chief peculiarity is in its adaptability to music. In the opera the words are only one of many things to be considered, with the result that its own context matters little, provided the standard is sufficiently high, and the style adaptable both to meaning and music. But the music is generally made to suit the words.

The pastoral play deals more or less with rustic life. "It has generally flourished in highly corrupt, artificial states of society." It was much more popular around the sixteenth century than it is now. It was written often in poetic form. The purpose of writing was to promote some ideal; frequently entertainment. Several of the selections deserve highest places, some do not, but for those worthy ones the place of pastoral plays will be preserved.

The farce is a type of humorous play. Any absurdity is allowed in its development provided the scene provokes laughter. The

farce is not of so high a standard as the comedy. It includes a large and variegated mass of plays. The size of this type and its popularity are its principal means of value.

Burlesque, the next and last classification is a work containing humor, which excites laughter by parodies or by mixing the "high and the low." Some notable compositions of this kind have been offered, but the majority are only of passing worth and fade with the time when they were written.

Before closing, let me make two more statements. First, I offer this definition for the word literature: "Literature — a word often used to mean all the writings of a race or people, no matter upon what subject they may be. In a narrower and better sense, however, only those writings which are inspiring, and whose reading tends to enoble and elevate human character should be considered as literature."

Second, do not forget that in every kind or class there can be found both good and bad. And, as my concluding statement, it is well to remember that literature is a universal inspiration — and, as such in its various classes, aids in the progress or the decay of a nation.



Ted Tompkinson's First Dance

By PRISCILLA PACKARD, '24

I have always been awkward, so when Aunt Pheely asked me to visit her last summer, holding forth on the pleasures of dancing, boating, and bathing, mother said at once, "You must go, Ted. Why, dancing will be just the thing for you! You're so awkward, you know."

The last remark was unnecessary. I knew it only too well. Thus, on the strength of the hope of becoming a graceful being, I accepted.

The first two weeks of my visit were spent pleasantly in boating, bathing, and other mild sports, but in a few days the inevitable dance was to come off. The nearer

the time came, the more scared I felt. It began to dawn on me that there would be other people there, people who would see me dance and I couldn't dance without counting the steps! However, I reassured myself with the thought that they all must have begun some time; and when the crucial evening arrived, I descended to the hall below triggered out in my best attire and with a frozen grin on my blushing countenance. There were people there, lots of them — and my heart was sinking faster every minute. I asked a girl to fox-trot with me. I don't know what she said, but she must have accepted, for when the music began I clutched

It did end eventually, though, and I flopped into a chair to recover. My victim limped off and I might have felt sorry for her if I hadn't felt sorrier for myself. I sat out the five dances and the rest is too pathetic to tell.

A few days later when Tom called up to ask me to go to a dance in the next town with him, I said, "Never again, Tom. I've given up dancing. Its too much of a strain on the nervous system."



A ONE-ACT PLAY

SCENE I: The large workroom of a garment factory

Anna Wiedner: A stout bleached blonde,
a German.

Mary Flynn: Anna's accomplice in the crime, an Irish girl.

Robert Heggie: The patient foreman, a Scotchman.

Charles Willard: The owner of the factory.

Miss Grant: His efficient secretary.

"Reddie": The irrepressible office boy.

(Heard above the whir of machinery.)

ANNA — There, Mary, one more sleeve and I'll have set in thirty dozen today! That's good work! I bet there ain't anuther gurl in the place what could turn out the goods! I'm the champeen, I guess.

MARY — Oh! go on with yourself! I guess I'm as good as you at me own job, if I do say so.

ANNA — Well perhaps you are, but don't talk to me no more! I gotta get these sleeves done an' then it'll be "Home James" fer little Anna.

(Both work busily for half an hour.)

ANNA — There! I got 'em done! Now I suppose I'll haf to wear my throat hoarse hollerin' fer more work! (In strident tones) Heg—gie! Heg—gie, com' mere, yu pore prune, an' gimme some more work.

HEGGIE (with a Scotch "br")—I'm sorry, Mrs. Wiedner, but I can't be givin' you any more work, today. I just now gave the last dozen to the new Armenian girl.

ANNA — Well! I like that! Ain't got no work fer me, eh? Me what's working on piece work. It's a pity a good, long-arm machinist can't earn a decent week's pay! Givin' all the good work tu the new girls are yu? Well, ya hunka cheese, I'm going tu see the boss, so there! You know, as well as me, that he's getting back from a trip tomorrow and you're afraid you'll get your head taken off fer given' me the work and keepin' the Wop waiting. And jist before the boss gits home you start slighting me and givin' her the work. I know you!

MARY (with conviction).—Yes, you ole hypocrite! Many's the time myself has set an' waited fer work an' if it comes to a scrap between I an' you, I jes' as soon tell the boss.

HEGGIE (hotly) — Well, you can *tell* Mr. Willard and I'm sure he'll do the right thing, fer he's an honest man, is the boss.

ANNA.—Will! I won't stand fer any more of you're dope. I'll get it straight from headquarters, an' if I don't get no satisfaction *there*, this shop'll be minus one perfectly good operator!

MARY (not to be outdone) — An' if you goes, Anna, it'll be myself 'll be lavin' as well, so there! (The two flounce out and Heggie wearily goes on to the next machine.)

SCENE II: (The Boss's Office)

MR. WILLARD — Miss Grant, take this letter! "United Garment Makers of America, 52 W. 73d St., Chicago, Ill. Dear Sirs:—" What is it Heggie?

HEGGIE — Mr. Willard, I'm sorry to bother you, but there's trouble in the factory. Mrs. Wiedner's been cuttin' loose again.

MR. WILLARD — What! Again! Why I straightened her out only last week!

HEGGIE — I know it, sir, but last night she swore she'd see you this morning. I guess she's on the way now.

WILLARD — Trouble, trouble, trouble. Its always the way when I get back from a trip. This makes the fourth complaint today. Miss Grant, I'll continue the letter later. (Racket is heard in the hall.)

HEGGIE — I guess they're coming now, sir. Shall I leave or stay?

WILLARD — Stay, by all means. Doubtless, I'll need you. Oh! (looking up and seeing the two irate females in the doorway.) Good-morning, ladies.

ANNA (ignoring the greeting) — We've come tu pick a quarrel, Mr. Willard; we've gotta a complaint tu make.

WILLARD — Certainly, ladies. What's wrong?

ANNA — Well! we wanna know why we don't get more 'tention in the factory. Heggie here, and that fat slob what helps him'll give work to any other girl in the factory 'fore they'll give it to us an' we hafta sit 'round an' wait half the day an' part of the night before we get any work.

WILLARD — Is that true, Heggie? Why I was under the impression that you two girls were about the most pampered and catered to of any of the help. Didn't I give you vacations with pay and—

MARY — That ain't got nothing to do with it! What *I* wanna know is whatcher gonna *do* about it. Shall we haffta yell fer it as before, or is it gonna be brought to us like the rest of the girls?

WILLARD — I've always thought that Heggie divided the work fairly, and I'll stand back of whatever he does.

ANNA — Then you're a cheat! For if he brought us the goods we could make just that much more. And you're cheatin' *us* if you don't *make* him do it.

MARY (in enraged tones) — Yes, *you*, who prate about the Golden Rule but when the doing is on you're side, there's nothing stirring.

WILLARD — That will do! You've had your say. Now I'm going to have mine. In the first place, I don't let anyone talk to me like that! Furthermore, *I've* a complaint to make, too. You're abusing the new girls! You're jealous for fear they'll work up to your operation and speed. Both of you are doing all you can to make it miserable for the green girls.

(They both begin to cry.)

MARY — We're the abused ones! They all say we're the trouble-makers of the place, and they make it mighty mean for us. Why that Mrs. Burke—

WILLARD — Minnie Burke is one of the most valuable girls in the factory, and she's worth more than any four of you small, narrow-minded machinists.

ANNA — She talks about us and carries tales, n' everything.

WILLARD — Now, no more of that! I won't stand for this mean discussing of any girl behind her back. If you want to pick Minnie to pieces, I'll call her in, but I doubt if you'd enjoy that. Minnie too, has a sharp tongue, as I remember. (Enter Reddy. Hands note to Willard who reads softly) "Aw never mind bothering with those old fat-heads! Fire em'! There's a perfectly good long-arm machinist out here, now, looking for a job!" (Aloud)

Now, to be thoroughly honest with you
—You do believe me thoroughly honest,
don't you?

ANNA — Sometimes, yes; sometimes, no.

WILLARD — Don't you believe I'm honestly
trying to do my best for you *all* the time?

ANNA — No! I don't!

WILLARD — Then I'm afraid we can't ever
get along, for I *won't* work with anyone
who questions my motives. How soon can
you leave?

ANNA (loudly) — This very minute.

WILLARD — Then I wish you would. Now
Mary, what about you?

MARY — Will, I don't know, Mr. Willard.
You are sometimes.

WILLARD (emphatically) — Am I honest
all the time? Am I not trying to do the
best I possibly can?

MARY — Well —

WILLARD — If I'm not an honest man I
think you'd scarcely care to work for me.
Your services will no longer be needed.

MARY (amazed) — Mr. Willard! After all
I've done for you?

WILLARD — It can't be that the obliga-
tions are all on one side. Let's consider
the matter closed. Good-day, ladies. Oh!
—by the way! When I receive a written
apology from each of you, I'll give back
your jobs to you.

MARY — It'll be no apology you'll be re-
caivin' from me if I die of starvation!
(They swagger out.)
(Half an hour later.)

WILLARD (devoutly) — The Lord is with
me! Those girls who left were without
doubt, the best we had, but—that
Armenian girl has increased her production
since they left. She says she can breathe
now without fear of being jumped on.
And that girl who was looking for a job
is a wonder! She can easily work up to
Anna's speed. Really you can't imagine
what a relief it is to get rid of those two
trouble makers. Now to continue with
that letter, Miss Grant. Where was I?
Oh yes! "Dear Sirs: In reply to yours——"

The curtain tranquilly drops on this
peaceful scene.



The Mill

By GARA BEALE '24

I was passing one day by an old water mill
That for years had been working away
In a faithful and musical manner to fill
Each order that came every day.

And the man in the mill hummed a merry refrain,
As he sang in sweet musical tones
Of the health and the wealth that was stored in the
grain
That was ground a'tween the fast turning stones.

For the grain, as it slipped down the hopper's throat,
Like a river of gold on its way,
Seemed to know, down below, it would soon leave its
coat,
And be ground into flour next day.

Yet the grain made no protest or murmur of strife
In its course as it swiftly whirled,
For no doubt it found out the real secret in life
Is to work for the good of the world!

On My Lady's Hair

By PRISCILLA PACKARD '24

How strange, how queer, how wonderful
My lady's locks appear,
With marcel wave and snaky curl
They rise up tier on tier.

Her ears no longer are revealed
To human voice and eye,
But 'neath a puff of hair concealed
They safe-protected lie.

This structure high, without a doubt
Is padded up and down,
And all about and in and out
With hair, that's not her own.

Oh that my lady fair could know
That nature's way is best,
Then she her shell-pink ears would show
And let the padding rest.

School Activities

The Needham High School Debating Club

CLARA L. WILM, '23

The "Debating Club," which is composed of about forty members, usually meets at the High School on alternate weeks.

At the regular meetings there is rather a lengthy discussion of matters relating to the club — such as challenges from neighboring towns, fines for various offenses, "try-outs" and candidates for club membership. If it is at the beginning of the school year, officers are elected to act in the various capacities which are usual with such societies. When, after due deliberation, the committee appointed to draw up a constitution has completed it, it is read, and the club, as a whole, either accepts or rejects the various rules and regulations.

Once a month, instead of the usual long business meeting, there is a short one of about thirty minutes and then the entertainment committee takes charge. Under its direction the club plays games, or else adjourns to the Assembly Hall for dancing.

Several times during the school year a number of the more able debaters are chosen to take part in a debate with some neighboring town. Many of the more prominent citizens of Needham, and of the opponents' town act as judges.

The chief object of the club is to increase debating, and public speaking ability among the high school pupils.

On Wednesday evening, November 16th, the Needham High School Debating Society held an informal, mock debate in Room Three. The subject was: "*Resolved: That all home assignments should be abolished.*" The speakers for the affirmative side were as follows: Evelyn Casey, Frances Kroll, Stuart Bugbee, David Gourd, Ashley Holt, and Helen Kroog. The negative side was defended by Miss Caswell, Madeline Kroll, Dorothea Willgoose, Ralph Studley, Harold Wilm, William Gourd, and Reginald Gulliver. Mr. Leonard, the Chairman, spoke in favor of the negative side.

On Wednesday evening, November 9th, the initiation of the new members took place in the High School. In spite of the terrible storm, the majority of the new members came, prepared to meet their doom. They entered into the long, mysterious corridor, which was dimly lighted in one corner by a dangerous red exit sign. Immediately, they were conducted to an obscure room, where they found a great deal of confusion and noise. Then, the fun began! The blindfolded victims were led along the ghost walk, or obstacle race on the first floor. Then, when their shoes were removed, they were guided up the stairs and into the hall where a great many stunts confronted them. They were required to climb to the top of a step-ladder and jump into some deep, unknown place, which turned out to be the platform. Another stunt was to step up a slanted ladder, walk along the table at the top, and jump off the other side. After a great many similar acts were accomplished, the blindfolds were removed, but this did not end the performance. Each victim was supplied with a note, which contained some assignment to be carried out. The performances, especially the fancy dancing by Edmund Pond, and the mock wedding, were greatly appreciated by the committee.

Debating Society Notes

President, David Gourd
Vice-President, Frances Kroll
Secretary, Helen Kroog
Treasurer, Stuart Bugbee

1922

President, Clifford Kilmer
Vice-President, Eleanor Jones
Treasurer, Merrill Tenney
Secretary, Winifred Butler

When we, as Seniors, met this fall we found that our class numbered about thirty members. Mr. Campbell kindly allowed us to hold our class meetings during the first period on Friday, which arrangement enables us to have larger attendance — an essential factor.

Our first meeting was held on September thirteenth, for the purpose of electing Class officers. The results are given above. The suggestion was made that we adopt as our class motto: "Possunt, quia posse videntur." "They are able because they seem to be able." It was unanimously adopted by the class.

October seventh was the date of our second class meeting. It was decided to hold a food sale, to which everyone in the class was asked to contribute either food or money. The successful food sale netted us about eleven dollars.

The third meeting was held on November fourth. It was decided to hold a dance and several dates were suggested for class consideration. Quite a discussion ensued, but it was finally decided to hold it on the night of December 20, 1921. After an orchestra and suitable decorations had been discussed, the committee was placed in charge of arrangements, with Harriet Howe as chairman.

The Senior class is represented on the football squad by Harold Fairbanks and Carl Wallis.

If the first few months have been a sample of what our fourth year will be to us, we, as Seniors, have much in store for us.

Respectfully submitted,
 WINIFRED BUTLER, *Sec.*

1923

President, David Gourd
Vice-President, Helen Kroog
Secretary, Dorothea Ashton
Treasurer, Stuart Bugbee

At our first class meeting, as customary we voted for our class officers and the above were elected.

The next meeting was held to arrange for a Hallowe'en dance. This motion was carried and a committee of three were elected to superintend, composed of Henry Leonard (Chairman), Stuart Bugbee, and Annette Engstrom. The hall was prettily decorated in black and orange. Everyone enjoyed themselves.

The Junior Class is well represented in the Debating Club. All the officers were chosen from that class. But, beware, Juniors! "Pride comes before a fall."

The Junior class is represented on the football squad by Birney Linn, George Roberts, Norman Roberts, John O'Connor, and Arthur Mullen.

Respectfully submitted,
 DOROTHEA ASHTON.

1924

President, Cyril Newcomb
Vice-President, Eleanor Tibbits
Treasurer, George Davis
Secretary, Robert Willgoose

The first meeting of the class of '24 was held September 16th, for the purpose of electing officers, who are mentioned above. It was also decided to get our class rings this year, and so a ring committee was elected consisting of Cyril Newcomb, Whitman Johnston and Dorothea Willgoose.

The second meeting was held October 21, for the purpose of choosing the rings. Four samples were presented for consideration. Those selected are expected to arrive around Thanksgiving.

YOU'LL HAFTA HAND IT TO US, WE GOT 'EM ALL IN. WE ONLY LEFT OUT THE
BAD YOU'LL BE HERE NEXT TIME AND THEN YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE

I SCORCH

COATSES, WESTSES,
PANTSES AND SUITSES.

NEPHEW'S HARDWEAR

TRY OUR CAT EXTERMINATOR
BRICKS BY THE GROSS

EAT, DRINK, AND BE

MERRY

FOR TO-MORROW WE SHALL
BE DRY DRINK OUR
COO-COO COOLER.
THERE'S A RAISIN.

SHAKESPEARE AND TENNY
SAY: "DON'T BURN MID-
NIGHT OIL, USE MAZDA."

WHISKER'S DRY GOODS

TEE-TOTLERS TRADE HERE!

MADE 'SPECIALLY FOR
EARLES:

PURE GRANULATED
CRAB MEAT.

CHARLIE'S

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON
SPECIALS WHEN ALL
OTHERS CLOSE YOUR
ONLY HOPE IS CHARLIE!

VARIETY'S SURE

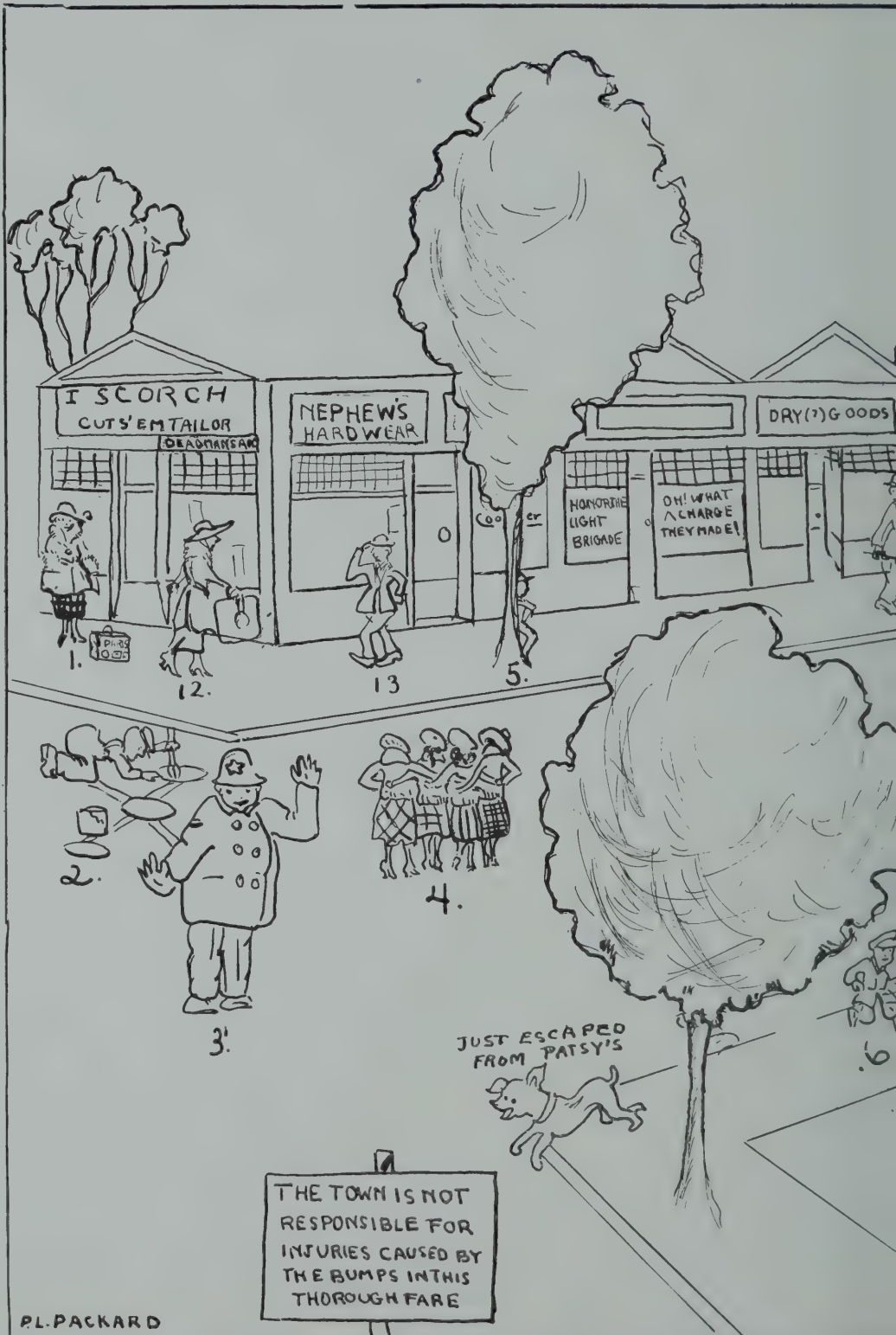
IT NEALES TO NONE
OUR GUMDROPS NEVER
WEAR OUT.

CO-OP

OUR GILMAN'S SOUP
IS GREAT. DON'T MISS
IT.



BUY YOUR JEWELRY
WHERE YOU HAWKED
THE WATCH

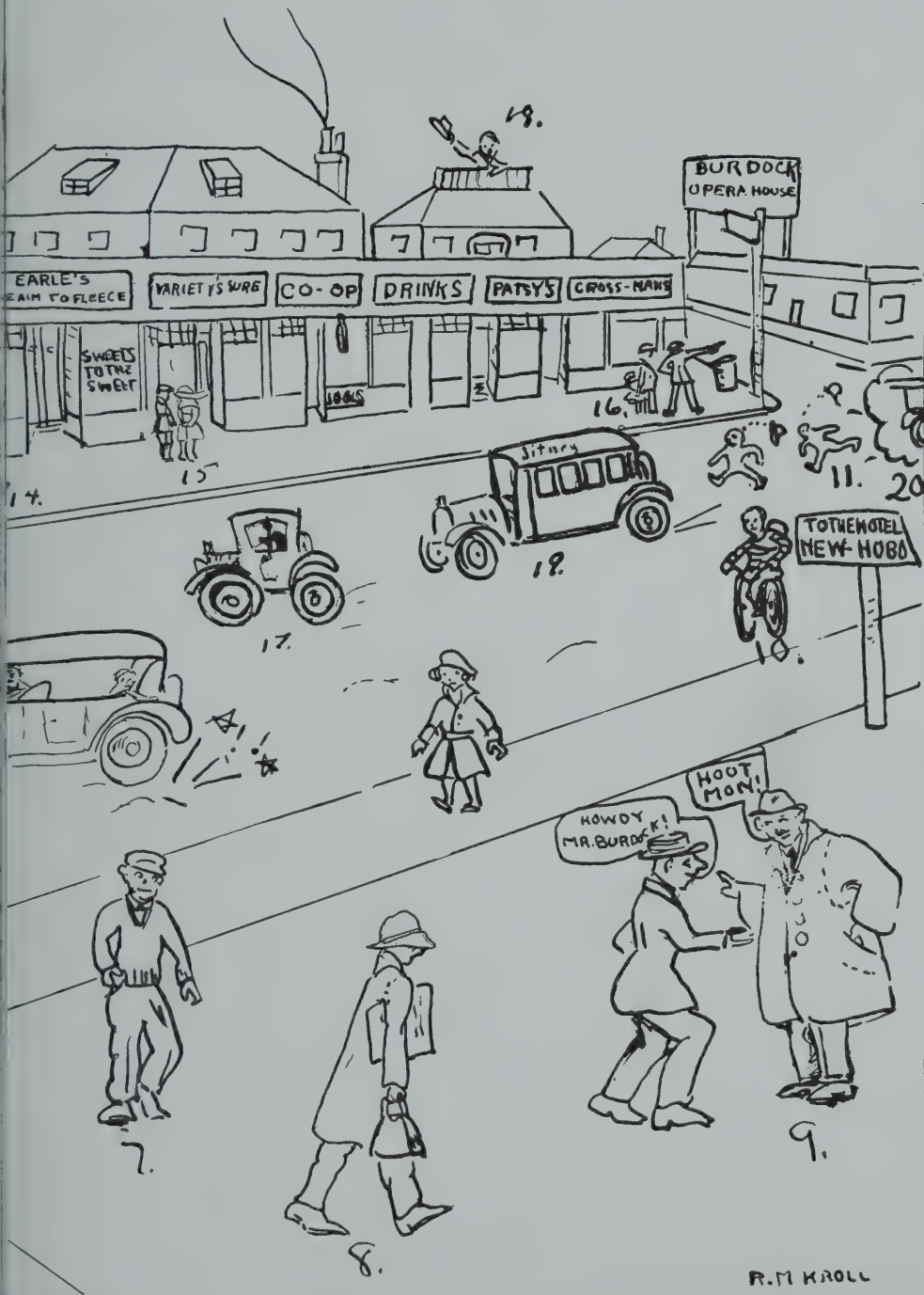


CAST OUT CHARACTER

1. FRESH FROM PARIS; MME RAY 2. OUR ARTIST, BLANK FROWN 3. THERE'S ALWAYS BLISS IN BLEED 'EM
IT GET CHA 'COAT' 6. COXY WILSON ON THE WAY TO SEVENTH PERIOD. 7. WHAT WOULD THE SQUARE BE WITHOUT GEO
BURDOCK OF THE OPERAHOUSE 10. THE NOBLE RIDER IS BASHFUL GETCHFORD DELIVERING SPECIALS 11. MR. FROST C
CHARLES COO-COO. 14. TENNY THE TRIUMPHANT TREADING THE TURF 15. C. JARTER AND J. POHNSON. 16. MISS V
ROBERTS ON A ROOF, RISING IN THE WORLD, WE TOLD YOU SO. 19. THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE CEMETARY

NESTHAT ARENT THERE.IF YOU ARENT'IN IT DONT FEEL
 YOU.IF YOU ARE IN IT DONT THINK YOU LOOK AS BAD AS ALL THAT.JUST BLAME US: YOURS TRULY
 WHERE U GOT THE ADVOCATE

BLEED'EM SQUARE



THIS WEEKS FORUM

LECTURE BY "MIKE" FITSGERALD
 SUBJECT - INTERPRETIVE DANCING
 EXHIBITION DANCE BY - BNC
 "THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTH PERIOD"
 SOLO BY - JACK FROST "SWEAR
 AT ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES,
 AND I WILL GIVE THEED"

ADAMS BRO'S ANTIQUES

WE'RE STRONG ON 16TH CENTURY
 EGGS.THEY'RE STRONG TOO !!

BURDOCK'S OPERA HOUSE

MON & TUES. TOM MIX IN
 "THE SAME AS USUAL" CEREAL
 "THE RED LEG"
 WED & THUR. MRC. RAY IN
 "GAY PAREE"
 FRIDAY & SAT. POIL WHITE IN
 "THE PURPLE PLUSH"

CROSS-MAN'S GENERAL STORE

WEAK-END SPECIAL - WATCH
 OUR EVER-CHANGING WINDOW DISPLAY
 OUR LINOLEUM IS GOOD FOR
 GUITAR.

PATSEY'S

NOTHER BUNCH A DAWGS - WE
 TOOK THE COLLARS OFF THESE
THE WRECKS-ALL STORE
 SUGAR OF LEAD FOR THE
 BABY

UNEDA SHINE

CALL FER RAW-RAH

BLEED'EM GRAND

CENTRAL TERMINAL
 TRAINS EVERY ONCE
 IN A WHILE

ARE 4. RITE TO RING, D PRUNES, R. SNICKERSOME, H. TOOLS, AND SLIM-THEDA GREGORY 5. DON'T
 HALF-THE-WAY. 8. THIS IS NOT ICHABOD CRANE, ITS LEONARD IN HIS AD-GETTING DISGUISE 9. MR.
 IN THE ACT OF JUST MISSING THE HEARSE. 12. MISS E. BARTLETT OUR BURDOCK OPERASTAR. 13. MR.
 nice Caswell out WITH A PUPIL, UNACROOK'S TOUR. 17. MISS RUSSELL'S COOP 18. CHARLIE
 IS VIATNG HEARSE. 20. THE CLOUD OF DUST IS WHERE RAT HAND WAS A MINUTE AGO

The Sophomores have made a very creditable showing in all school events.

There have been two hikes, both of which were attended by a goodly number.

The Basket Ball team has also made a good showing under the captaincy of Dorothea Willgoose and the coaching of Miss Piercy.

Its contribution to the football squad consists of George Brittain (Captain), Cyril Newcomb, Jerome Ryan, Alfred Westin, Putnam Johnson, Ashley Holt, Raymond Wragg, John Wilson, George Wilson, and Robert Willgoose.

On the whole, it can be said that the Sophomore class is well represented in all High School activities, and gives good promises for the future.

Respectfully submitted,
ROBERT WILLGOOSE.

1925

President, Samuel Ladd
Vice-President, André Fleuriel
Secretary, William Caunt
Treasurer, George Burgess

The first meeting of the Freshman class was held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. It seemed very strange to us at first, but we have overcome our bashfulness, and are looking forward to the day that we can call ourselves Sophomores.

James Callahan was elected captain of the Freshman football team.

Eleanor Ryan was elected captain of the Freshman Basket-ball team.

The first matter brought up before the class on the next meeting was the amount of dues we should pay a month. A motion was made that we pay ten cents a month, and after some discussion the motion was accepted.

Committees for the selection of class colors and a class motto are now making selections for the class to vote on at the next meeting.

The Freshman class is represented on the football team by John Whetton, Randolph Hammersley and Alfred Gross.

Respectfully submitted,
WILLIAM CAUNT.

There was a young lady of Thye,
Whose hair was so exceedingly high,
That 'neath it in the rain
To stand wouldn't be in vain,
For 'twould keep one nice and dry.

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was kitty,
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat,"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

There was a young man from Ostend,
Who thought he'd hold out till the end,
But half way over,
From Calais to Dover,
He did what he didn't intend.

There was young lady of Lynn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed,
To drink lemonade,
She slipped thru the straw and fell in.

Basket-ball

The basket-ball season of 1921 and 1922 opened under most favorable circumstances, the enthusiasm manifested being unparalleled in the history of athletics for girls in the Needham High School, since there were between 40 and 50 candidates out regularly for practice.

An innovation is the introduction of indoor basket-ball for girls, due to the splendid athletic facilities offered by the Christ Episcopal Church at Needham Heights.

The first league game is scheduled with Wellesley, January 17th—a school which for many years has been a friendly athletic rival of Needham High.

When the schedule is completed, it will call for 10 games, 5 of which are to be played at home. Both boys' and girls' rules are to be used.

The basket-ball season which closes in March, is to be followed by a baseball season for girls.

The basket-ball captains are as follows:

Captain of Senior-Junior Team: Dorothy Freeman.

Captain of Sophomore Team: Dorothy Willgoose.

Captain of Freshman Team: Elinore Ryan.

Athletics

WEARERS OF THE

N

FOOTBALL

1922

H. Fairbanks

R. Fairbanks

C. Kilmer, Mgr.

C. Wallis

1923

J. Connors

G. Brittain

N. Roberts

A. Mullen

G. Roberts

N. Rand, Asst. Mgr.

J. Ryan

1924

P. Johnson

C. Newcomb

A. Westin

1925

J. Whetton

BASEBALL

1922

H. Fairbanks

R. Emery

1923

G. Brittain

Sports

Football

NEEDHAM—Line-up for 1921.

r.e., A. Mullen
 r.t., P. Johnson
 r.g., J. Connors
 c., N. Roberts
 l.g., A. Holt
 l.t., G. Brittain (Capt.)
 l.e., J. Ryan
 qb. C. Newcomb
 r.hb., J. Whetton
 l.hb., A. Westin
 fb., H. Fairbanks

LEXINGTON—September 24

l.e., R. Bramhall
 l.g., S. Fardy
 l.t., C. Spidel
 c., Moley
 r.g., Berquist
 r.t., T. Slocumb
 r.e., Collins
 qb., Kelly
 fb., Newhall
 r.hb., Rogers
 l.hb., Moakly

This was the first game of the season played at Needham. Needham lost by a score of 25-0. The team was composed almost entirely of inexperienced men, which may have been the reason for their failure to win.

BELMONT—October 1

l.e., Rosenberger
 l.t., Slade
 l.g., Seigen
 c., Brown
 r.g., Briggs
 r.t., Johnson
 r.e., Ashton
 qb., McLain
 l.hb., Mellet
 r.hb. Foster
 fb., Sayles

This game was played at Needham. The team showed good playing. The score was 0-0.

CONCORD—October 8

r.e., Mara
 r.t., Eldridge
 r.g., Martinson
 c., Wood
 l.g., Johanson
 l.t., Ridley
 l.e., Duggan
 qb., Giles
 r.hb., Mulhaney
 l.hb., Pickard
 fb., Todd

This game was played at Concord. The day was very disagreeable and rainy. Full-back Fairbanks received a severe blow on the head which put him out of the game. Needham lost by a score of 32-0.

WELLESLEY—October 15

r.e., Rouhan
 r.t., Williams
 r.g., Clemmings
 c., Treadwell
 l.g., Calmer
 l.t., Mackenzie
 l.e., L. Flint
 qb., Gilbert
 r.hb., Stevenson
 l.hb., Macurran
 fb., A. Flint

On October 15, Needham went to Wellesley and amidst quite a confusion on the field won the game by a score of 7-0.

WAYLAND—October 21

r.e., Sweeney
 r.t., Hammond
 r.g., Clark
 c., L. Foley
 l.g., J. Foley
 l.t., Lyford
 l.e., Coakley
 qb., Dolan
 l.hb., Bent
 r.hb., Morse
 fb., Buck

The game was played at Wayland. The Needham team showed a great improvement and won the game by 17-0.

NATICK—October 29

Natick played Needham at Needham on October 29. It was a very exciting game, but due to some misunderstanding of the referee the score was called a tie. The matter was taken up by the Midland League and it was decided to play the game over again at Needham on Saturday, Dec. 3.

HUDSON—November 5

l.e., Daley
l.t., Anderson
l.g., Sawyer
c., Kidston
r.g., Parikian
r.t., Skofford
r.e., Tucker
qb., McCarthy
l.hb., Lovett
r.hb., LaFrance
fb., Schofield

This game was played at Hudson. It was an exciting game with a tie score. The players were hampered by the condition of the field which was quite hilly in places.

MARLBORO—November 12

l.e., Salem
l.t., O'Connell
l.g., Bandrow
c., Wiggs
r.g., Bruce
r.t., O'Neill
r.e., Tobey
qb., Williams
l.hb., Brown
r.hb., Murphy
fb., Delany

Needham showed the result of her fine training by defeating Marlboro 13-0 at Marlboro on November 12.

NORWOOD—November 19

l.e., Dower
l.t., Carlson
l.g., Karshin
c., O'Donnell
r.g., Curran
r.t., Johnston
r.e., Smith
qb., Riddel
l.hb., Hammersly
r.hb., Flaherty
fb., Foren

The game was played at Needham before the largest crowd of the season. Needham

forfeited the game by fumbling the ball, and lost by a score of 34-7.

MILFORD—November 24

l.e., Webber
l.t., Morelli
l.g., Tuttle
c., Trosoran
r.g., Binny
r.t., Jeffries
r.e., Marcovitch
qb., Tighe
l.hb., Barbardore
r.hb., Grayson
fb., Minmae

Played at Needham. Grounds very wet and slippery. Fine playing on part of Needham. Needham won by a score of 15-7.

The Needham Football Team of 1921 has had a great many difficulties to overcome. In the first place, the team was, with one or two exceptions, a new team entirely. This made the circumstances decidedly difficult as many of the players knew little or nothing about the game. It took a lot of time and hard practice for both the fellows and the coach. Everybody on the team showed a great willingness to do as they were directed, and turned out for practice every day that they were called. Captain Brittain certainly showed his loyalty, not only for the team but also for the entire school, when he, although physically disabled by injuries received, came out for practice.

The team has been hampered by the crowd forming on the field after every exciting play. This situation could not be helped as there was no way of roping off the field and the Athletic Association was not financially able to buy the necessary materials. But through the kindness of Mr. Whetton and some other men who have taken an interest in the team, rope and stakes were procured for the field. This was greatly appreciated by the fellows, as was also a gift of jerseys from some unknown person in town.

Next year holds great prospects for the team, since it will be well organized and thoroughly trained. It will not have to be reorganized as it had to be this year and will, therefore, be able to practice in unison so much sooner.



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top row, left to right: A. Gross, J. Wilson, A. Holt, R. Willgoose, G. Wilson, R. Wragg, C. Wallis.
 Middle Row, left to right: C. W. Kilmer, Manager, H. Fairbanks, J. Connors, C. Newcomb, A. Westin, J. Whetton, J. Ryan,
 N. Rand, Assistant Manager.

Bottom row, left to right: A. Mullen, G. Roberts, N. Roberts, G. Brittain, R. Hammersley, P. Johnson.



THE BASKET-BALL SQUAD

Standing, left to right: Misses A. Osborne, M. Rhynd, G. Osborne, J. Carter, G. Goodwin, H. Sewell, I. Smith, A. White, B. Johnson, E. Ryan, B. Faust, R. Keith, E. Curley, G. Hammersley, E. Knowles, C. Gregory.
 Seated, left to right: Misses B. McDonald, R. Smith, E. Jackson, V. Killam, D. Barton, Manager, R. Young, F. Crawley, H. Faust, D. Willgoose.

Alumni

CLASS OF 1921

Wayne C. Barnes Springfield College
 Willia L. Cassidy Stenographer
 Angus G. Cathie At home
 Lawrence G. Caulton Bryant & Stratton
 Mabel Dawson Wm. Carter Co.
 Gertrude H. Digney Wm. Carter Co.
 Herbert L. Dodge New Hampshire State College
 Chester W. Eaton Norwich University
 George H. Ferran Boston University
 Walter E. Gilbert Boston University
 Sterling W. Greene Boston University
 Doris M. Henry Wm. Carter Co.
 Dorothy Howe Boston Normal Art School
 Thomas J. Khoury Norfolk Agricultural
 Judith A. Lee Wm. Carter Co.
 Milton R. Litchfield Wentworth Inst.
 George Lumsden Wm. Carter Co.
 Dorothy E. Mercer Miss Farmer's School
 Lillian A. Metzger Burdett's College
 Louise Morton Wm. Carter Co.
 David Murdoch, Jr. At home
 Mildred E. Robb Wm. Carter Co.
 Charles B. Roberts Elias Howe Co.
 Walter T. Roper Bryant & Stratton
 Philip Rosenblat Mass. School Pharmacy
 Maurice Simon Norwich University
 William G. Stephenson Northeastern University
 Dorothy E. Vernon At home
 Amelia S. Wagner F. W. Gorse Co.
 Elizabeth T. Williams Smith College

CLASS OF 1920

Edward W. Bailey Dartmouth College
 Frances Bailey Simmons College
 Doris A Bliss Stenographer
 Dorothy E. Bucknam Wadsworth, Howland.
 Dorothy P. Butler Wm. Carter Co.
 Russell E. Cahill Evans Bros.
 John Cronin N. H. State College
 Edmund Fitzgerald Boston University
 Mary T. Foley MacGregor Instrument Co.
 Albert Hammersley N. H. State College
 Helen Hansis First Nat. Bank, Boston
 Parker L. Jackson Dartmouth College
 Orlo McCormack Stenographer
 Arthur J. McDonald Tufts College
 Myrtle McLean Oxbow, Me.
 Alta McLean Oxbow, Me.
 Grace Murdoch John Hancock Ins. Co.
 J. Lawrence Norris Dartmouth College
 Charles A. Orne N. H. State College

Angela Overton Stenographer
 Charles Perry Wm. Carter Co.
 Jane Rae Babson's, Adv. Manager
 Katherine Rand Wellesley College
 Eleanor Roberts At home
 Kenneth Salman Mass. Agricultural College
 Mildred Smith At home
 Olive Sutton Stenographer
 George Twigg Boston University
 Herbert Yerxa Andover

CLASS OF 1919

Helen Thompson California
 Gladys Sonnenberg Roslindale
 Florence Sobiesky Cambridge Press
 Mabel Richardson Needham Trust Co.
 Alfred Rooney Boston American
 William Preskenis At home
 Elizabeth Peterson Stenographer
 Marion Lyons At home
 Randolph Latham Deceased
 Clarice Godfrey Saxony Knitting Mills
 Florence Gordon Office, Supt. Schools
 Katherine Hughes Stenographer
 Lester Hunt Carpenter-Morton Co.
 Herman Faust Bates College
 Jennie Evans At home
 Lawrence E. Eaton Norwich University
 Ralph Eichler Bryant & Stratton
 Helen K. Durbin Mrs. A. J. Cragg
 Ruth Coulter Secretary
 Velma W. Carter At home
 Doris E. Carter New School of Design
 Louis H. Bowmar R. I. State College
 Maud C. Betts Office, Bethesda Society



Notes from the Alumni

Needham High is well represented in college football. Varied reports have been heard of Kenneth Salman, '20, and Stanley L. Freeman, '17; Wayne Barnes, '21; Sterling Greene, '21, and Thomas Khoury, '21. Norman Crisp, '17, is coaching the University of Vermont. Paul Ryan, '17, is coaching Lexington High School eleven.

We shall be very glad to hear from any past graduates.

Exchanges

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Argus, Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

The Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

The Spectator, Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

The Dynamo, Newton Technical High School, Newtonville, Mass.

The Tisbury Bomb, Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

The Olathean, Olathe, Kansas.

The Blake Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Item, Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

The Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

Wheaton College Record, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

The Mirror, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

The Massachusetts Collegian, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

The Lantern, Newtown High School, Elmhurst, N.Y.



What We Think of Others

The Dynamo, Newton Technical High School, Newtonville, Mass.

One of the best magazines we received. Your class pictures are arranged neatly, yet in a novel manner. Why not have some stories?

The Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.

It is evident from your magazine that athletics play an important part in your school life. You might add a few more snappy jokes.



The Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

We like your "Dear Buddies" column. Interesting stories and timely jokes would improve your paper.



The Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R.I.

You have a good anniversary number. A few more stories would help make your magazine more entertaining. You have an excellent joke column.



The Argus, Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

Your humor section is well developed. How about a few good stories?



The Olathean, Olathe, Kansas.

Welcome, newcomer! We enjoyed your editorials. We suggest that you might condense "Over the Garden Fence."



The Spectator, Brown and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

Your literary department shows talent. Your jokes are placed in a very unique fashion. Why not have a few cartoons?



The Blake Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minn.

You have an extremely high-class magazine, containing appropriate jokes and stories. Your excellent cover design is most attractive.

The Tisbury Bomb, Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

We wish to compliment you on your magazine. Particularly is your literary section deserving of praise.

The Item, Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

You have excellent material in your magazine. Your stories and sketches are worthy of mention; and the page of cartoons holds the reader's interest.

The Radiator.

You have a splendid all-round magazine. Why not put your jokes in a separate column?

Wheaton College Record.

A "newsy" little paper. A few more jokes would enliven it.

The Mirror.

Your editorials are handled in a novel manner. The limericks are both bright and witty.

The Massachusetts Collegian.

Your paper is a welcome exchange. Evidently sports are classed next to studies in your college.

The Lantern.

Welcome to our midst! We enjoyed your cartoons and stories, and especially the "poet's corner." You might have a "corner" for your jokes instead of making one hunt for them.



What Others Think of Us

At the time when our paper went to press, we were unable to forward copies to others; therefore, comments on our magazine will be postponed until our second issue. But we were pleased to receive an early comment from *The Tisbury Bomb*, who remarked, "You have an excellent paper throughout." And also *The Lantern*: "*The Advocate* is a very good all-round magazine, having several fine special features. Have you no poets? If so, where are they?"



Nemo

HOME



Domini

NOBODY

Miss Caswell: "Miss Young, give us your opinion about Hamlet."

Miss Young: "I think you are insane—er—I—mean!"

Mr. Frost: (Am. Hist.) "If Champlain hadn't made the mistake he did, we all probably would be speaking French today."

H. Roberts: "I never could learn that stuff!"

Miss Caswell, after reprimanding B. G. for inattention: "Now, what did Cicero say?"

Getchell: "O! di immortales!" (O ye gods.)

Miss Ray: "Where is Napoleon today—that is—er—where do his bones lie?"

Mr. Frost: "Can anyone tell me some place that was settled like Georgia, by convicts?"

Ryan: "Deer Island."

Miss Currie: "Will you begin translating, Miss Jones?"

E. J.: (translating) "What, again?"

Mr. Frost: "What is one custom that we have copied from the Indians?"

Nick: "Painting our faces."

Nick: "Aren't you sick of these hard schedules?"

Turk: "Yes, I lost my lunch today."

Miss C: "Have any of you ever felt awe at sight of any building, or institution? Well, what, Getchell?"

B——t: "High School."

Miss C: "What can you say, Leonard?"
Leonard: "Well, I don't know much."

H. Roberts (after hearing Mr. Frost dictate a number of questions): "Do you want us to answer them?"

Miss Caswell: "Mr. Gourd, let's hear your book report."

Dave: "I took the *Century*, but there weren't any interesting stories in it. They were love stories."

Getchell translating: "Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit."

"He has gone, he has withdrawn, he has left, he has—er—beat it!"

Miss Ray, translating: "Je voudrais que vous fussiez celle de toujours" "I wish that you should be my love always."

Kilmer, *sotto voce*: "Aw, gee!"

Miss Williams: "And then multiplying by additions and subtractions—!"

(Heard in English III A.)

Miss Kroll, reading an essay: "Lettuce, like a rapid talker, is apt to run rapidly to seed."

Miss C.—"You see what I am coming to."

The Advocate

Miss C: "What is the bean apt to do after you plant it?"

Linn: "Die."

Miss Caswell, telling about Hamlet: "Have you ever seen bones and skulls thrown around?"

D. Pond: "No! and I never want to."

Miss Currie: "What is the gender of *perfacile*?"

Johnston: "Ablative."

Miss Caswell: "In what kind of a vehicle do pompous people come to church?"

Brilliance Personified: "Stage-coaches."

FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 99999

Mr. C: "Next example."

Miss McCashin: "The seventh one?"

Mr. C: "What usually follows the sixth?"

Miss Caswell: "Use mutability in a sentence."

Miss Bruns: "The mutability of women is taken for granted."

DESCRIPTIONS

(Heard in English)

"Our horse is a large brown and black steed. He is fairly large and sturdy, although not very steady on his legs. His tail had been cut off when he was very young, which has greatly marred his beauty. His head is long and narrow and of oblique shape. We have named him "useful," because he is a saw-horse."

"My cat is black and white. It never grew to full size. It is minus its claws on its left front paw and has very little hair below the right eye."

Miss Ray: "Wilm, give the word for nineteen in French."

Wilm: "Lets see; 'dix-er'" (scratches his head.)

Miss Ray: "Yes: very good, dix neuf."

Miss Caswell: "Will some young ladies please volunteer for this work?"

"All right, Mr. Hill, thank you."

(Heard in Caesar)

"Gaul is divided into three parts, one-fourth of which is inhabited by the Belgae."

Miss Caswell: (in word discussion) "How many are dissatisfied with their own names?"

(A sea of hands.) "Well, what name would you have chosen, Miss Engstrom?"

Annette: "Gwendolyn!"

Miss Caswell: "How about you, Elliott?"

Homer: "Oh, I'd take *anything* else!"

The Annual Discard

NEWTON STATA, '23

September Ides have come, old friend,

When custom says we part;

I hate to throw you over now,

This parting breaks my heart.

A comfort you have been to me

Since that warm day in May,

You've shaded and adorned me,

You've kept the heat away.

T'is true you've blown with every wind,

And wilted in the rain,

But you've always come right back to me

And been yourself again.

But, custom says you'll leave me, friend;

Your going leaves me flat,

I'll have to buy a derby now—

My hat, my old straw hat.

(Giving advice)

Wallis: "In order to keep your feet dry, wear rubber boots."

"To Know Thyself"

By JEROME F. RYAN, '23

If you like your time to bide
List'ning to tales of suicide,
If you think you know the way
Farmer Brown should pitch his hay,
If you always knew, of course,
That Billie Blank would buy a horse,
Then why don't you some scheme invent
So we won't have to pay our rent?
And why don't you investigate
To find the cause of our tax rate?
And then a way to relieve the plea
Of suffering peoples o'er the sea?
As to the tests of our inventor,
Of course you'll go him just one better.
Now just you sit and think a while,
And pretty soon we'll see you smile.
For then perhaps you will observe,
"To know thyself" takes lots of nerve.

Nickerson telling a joke at recess:
"Papa, give me a pair of suspenders."
"Keep quiet or I'll give you a belt."
Hathaway telling same one:
"Papa, give me a pair of suspenders."
"Keep quiet or I'll give you a whack."

Nickerson having just finished an unusual
oral sermon, Miss Jones comments as follows:
"I never imagined Mr. Nickerson quite
in that light before."
Neither did we.

Miss Tarbell: "This six-pound crowbar
weighs fifty pounds."

Miss Ray: "I've got your numbers."

Rand: "The man was walking on a dark
night."

Bugbee: "An auto going fifty miles per
hour struck a tree killing the driver."

Heard in English III: "How do you know
a 'he' wrote it?"

Elliott: "Well, then, 'he,' 'she' or 'it.'"

Heard in French III: "His face was full
of bread."

"He bought a bale of milk."

Small Boy: "Hey, Ma, what's a 'knack'?"

Mother: "Oh, a gift for doing things."

(A few days later)

Mother: "What have you got there?"

Small Boy: "A knack."

Mother: "Why that's an orange."

Small Boy: "Well, Mrs. Blank gave it to
me for doing something for her."

Dad to Betty (coming in late) "What time
is it?"

Betty: "One o'clock."

Just then the clock struck four.

Betty: "My, but that clock stutters!"

A small boy who had been very naughty
was first reprimanded and then told that he
must take a whipping. He ran upstairs
and hid under the bed. Just then the father
came home and was told what had happened.
He proceeded to go upstairs and to crawl under
the bed toward the boy, who cried excitedly:
"Hello, pop, is she after you, too?"



"Life's Just One Darned Thing After Another"

I'm forever darning stockings,
Millions, so it seems to me;
They're piled so high,
Nearly reach the sky;
Seems like sometimes I'd simply die.

Holes both big and little—
But they're *always* there; so—
I'm forever darning stockings,
Pair after pair.

(Tune: *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.*)

(The tale of the song.)

In our back yard there hangs a line,
 "A clothes-line," so 'tis named;
 But in my mind, for stockings,
 Sox, more stockings it is famed.

Each week those blessed stockings

—Ah, the darlings of my heart —
 Come; seek their way right to my room,
 And thence they ne'er depart.

Until each hole is mended,

Eack sock's been mated well,
 And my labor's fruits deposited
 Where their peaceful owners dwell.

It sounds so very simple,

One scarcely would believe
 That a mere, small thing, like a darning bag,
 Such trag'dies could conceive.

* * * * *

One morning I 'wake very late,

I quickly snatch my clothes,
 I start to pull my stockings on—
 They're simply *full* of holes!

I rummage in my bureau drawers,

My anxious spirits sag;
Every single stocking that I own
Is in that darning bag!

As the Seniors, grave, assemble

That morning in "Room 3,"
 The teacher sees an empty chair—
 "Miss Howe is late, I see."

Arriving breathless, frightened, late,

'Neath her stern gaze I froze;
 And I wondered if e'er in the morning,
 She'd had to mend *her hose*.

* * * * *

I'm going to a party,

Excitement's in the air.
 As I don my wraps, departing—
Those stockings at me stare!

"They simply *must* be darned, my dear,"

I hear my conscience say,
 "Or your daddy'll have no sox to wear
 When he, rising, greets the day "

"Oh, why were stockings ever made?"

As I look at a hole, askance,
 And see with yearning, burning eyes
 The vision of that lost dance.

So I sit and ply my needle

As the evening shadows fall;
 AND I'LL PROBABLY BE DARNING STOCKINGS
 WHEN THEY HAVE THAT "LAST ROLL
 CALL."

"Why is the nose in the middle of the
 face?"

"Because it's the scenter."—Anon.



Special Book Reviews

By READEM AND HASHEM, OUR BOOK
 REVIEWERS

"The House of the Seven Gabbles." Melodramatic, chuck full of action, palpitating heart throbs.

"How to Make an Extemporaneous Speech in Public," by "Fat" Fairbanks. Remarkable for what it doesn't say!

Burke's "Insinuation Speech." Flexible jaw action.

"Main Street," by Eclair Foolish. Reminds us of our own dear town.

"Miss Boohoo Bet," How to throw sob-stuff—found in any seventh period.

"The Lobster Chase," by Pickle Dill: Intellectual arctics needed. O slush!

"The Shriek." This is not fit to be read, especially the section about the Cam(b)el. N. B. The waiting line forms at Richwagen's, —only one copy in the Lieberry.

"Le Bushwah Gentilhomme." So funny we wept to conceal our yawns.

"Les Oberle." (Movaways.) Wanted: nine beds. (To be read with anaesthetics.)

"Riders of the Sage Cheese." We were unable to keep up with it.

"What to Wear, and How to Wear It." by J. B. Moses. The Chapter on Economy: "How to Make a Dress Shirt out of an Awning," particularly spiffy. For sale at Raymonds' on the Gaspipe racks.

Exchange Jokes

Dumb: "A man dropped forty feet into a barrel of scalding water and wasn't even burned."

Bell: "Well, why wasn't he?"

Dumb: "They were pig's feet."

The Megaphone.

The School gets the benefit,
The Students get the fame,
The Printer gets the money,
But the Staff—they get the blame.
Cushing Academy Breeze.

Advertisement

"Don't kill your wife,
Let us do the dirty work."
Washing Machine Co.
The Argus.

"Tell me what do you sell?"
"Brains are my specialty"
"Why don't you carry a sample?"
Said the Soph to the Fresh.
—The Red and Black.

French IV

Powell (explaining difference between embrasser and baiser):

"Embrasser means to kiss like the French generals do, on each cheek; baiser mean to kiss—well—er—you know."

—The Clarion, Arlington High School.

Heard in the Country

"I suppose you hatch all these chickens yourself."

Farmer: "Oh, no! We have hens here for that purpose.—*The Lantern.*"

One day as I sat in the study
I was weary and ill at ease,
For a fellow near me was eating
A piece of Limburger cheese!—
I know not whence he got it,
Nor how it came to be there;
But I know I rose from that section
And opened the window for air!
Strong, isn't it?—*The Lantern.*

Modern Proverbs

"It's a long lane that has no ash barrel."

"A bird in the hand is bad table manners."

"Distilled waters run deep."

"A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure."

"Where there's a will, there's a lawsuit."

—The Lantern.

Mary bought a pair of skates,
And both of them were rollers,
But the first time she tried them out
She knocked out all her molars.
—The Lantern.

Mr. Mardis: "My wife gave a reception yesterday."

Mr. Rupp: "Did you attend?"

Mr. Mardis: "Yes I played a joke on her. I got in line when she was receiving and before she knew it she was smiling and saying she was glad to see me."

—The Megaphone.

Nut: "A man died of hard drink."
Washer: "How sad! Was he an habitual drunkard?"

Nut: "No, a piece of ice fell on his head."

—The Megaphone.



Cleaning Day to a Boy

Mother's cleanin' house today,
That's why I have skipped away.
I ain't goin' to beat those rugs,
Till my hands are rough and tough.
Mother always seems to think
That I'm better at the sink,
Scrubbin' dishes, forks, and spoons,
While she dusts the sittin' room;
But this time, as sure as fate,
She will find that I've escaped,
And perhaps she might realize,
Those ain't jobs for boys my size!

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!

When you ~~go~~ out to get some ads.



And ~~you~~ are thrown out -



When your courage begins to fail -!!



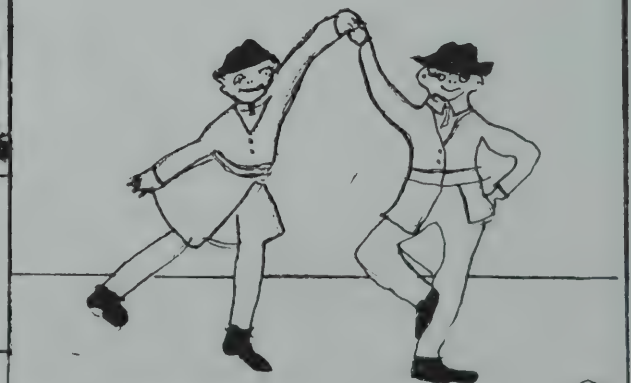
And you enter a place where you know there will be nothing doing.



Then the boss says, "Yes, one half page, and I'll pay in advance"



Ain't it a grand and a g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s --- feeling?!!!



To Our Advertisers

THE Staff of 1921-22 wishes to express its appreciation and gratitude for the remarkable co-operation of the advertisers. They have contributed materially to the success of our Christmas issue of *The Advocate*. In recompense for this investment, we have this year compiled an Advertising Index which will facilitate the reader's finding the advertisement of the commodity which he needs. We trust that our advertisers will profit by this arrangement, in order that *The Advocate* may be placed on a business instead of a philanthropic basis.

CHARLES A. COHOON, '22
Business Manager.

Advertising Index

Athletic Goods	53
Automobile Service	62, 63, 65
Bank	54
Barber	56
Bindery	68
Blacksmith	65
Books	69
Boxes (paper)	56
Business College	69
Candy	57
Carpenter	55, 58, 65
Cattle	67
Clothing	53, 55, 61, 66
Coal	56
Colleges	53, 69
Dentists	54
Doctors	58, 68
Drugs	57, 63, 66
Electrical Contractor	56
Engraving	68
Enamels, etc.	61
Flowers	57
Fruit	64
Furniture	58
Groceries	59, 64
Ice	58, 63
Ice Cream	57
Insurance	55, 60, 62, 63
Jewelers	64
Knit Goods	54, 61
Lunch	67
Laundry	67
Magazines	55
Meats	59
Milk	60, 64, 68
Millinery	66
Orchestra	55
Painting	65, 68
Poultry Feed	63
Portable Houses	68
Printing	57, 60, 64, 67
Safes	57
Shoes	62, 68
Stationery	64
Sweaters	61
Tailor	66
Taxi Service	67
Undertaker	67
Varieties	64

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Never grow tired of their job—
of holding socks in place—they
stay PEPPY, no matter how
much leg work a chap does.

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37 HIGH ST., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS



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at SCHOOL owes his success in
ATHLETICS in a great measure to
the proper equipment.

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Ideal Holiday Gifts

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ily and for every climate

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"John! Can't you wait till we get home?"

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Telephone:
Needham 563

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MOSELEY & COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fancy Knit Goods and Infants' Underwear

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The Needham Trust Co.

Extends a cordial invitation to the teachers and scholars of the Needham Schools to call at the office and inspect our system and equipment. We shall be pleased to explain the methods used in our various departments.

*Commercial
Savings*

*State Deposit
Foreign*

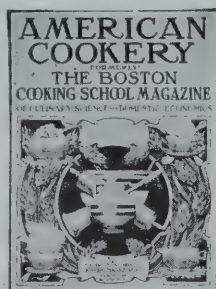
COMPLIMENTS OF

F. Fletcher Coates, D.M.D.

Um!

She (tenderly): "And are mine the only lips you have kissed?"

He: "Yes, and they are the sweetest of all."



Fifty-Fifty

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"
The maiden declared with fervor divine.
The cave man then answered with mirth-filling
glee,
"Lips that kiss poodles shall never kiss me!"

Editor: "I'll take your series of articles on
'How to Live on a Dollar a Day' and give you
seven dollars a week to write 'em."

Author: "Ye gods, sir! I can't live on that."

Fat Lady: "I would like to see a waist that
would fit me."

Clerk: "So would I, lady."

Compliments of

W. F. CASEY

YOU AUTO PLACE
OUR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE with
STANLEY M. HOLLIS
LOWEST RATES STRONGEST COMPANIES

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For School Boys and College Men

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Ashman & Co.
Boston
The Service Store

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W. E. GILBERT, MANAGER

Telephone NEEDHAM 559-R

Compliments of

JOHN H. BRYER

BUILDER

"Did you know that Freddie talks in his
sleep?"

"No."

"Well, it's true; he recited in class this
morning."

Compliments of

LEON FORAND

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

NEEDHAM, MASS.



Willet & Chadwick
Coal Company

Compliments of

HENRY THOMAS

PLUMBING AND HEATING

NEEDHAM, MASS.

Compliments of

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*Barber Shop Across the Tracks**Compliments of*

J. M. McCracken

Telephone Connection

NICHOLAS I. QUINT

Electrical Contractor

527 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

Need for Space

Business Manager: "Here's a wireless message from a man who wants to use our entire 'Help Wanted' page tomorrow."

Assistant: "Great Scott Who is he?"

Business Manager: "He's the only surviving passenger on a capsized yacht in mid-Atlantic."

Highland Coal Co.

J. H. WHETTON

DEALER IN

High Grade Fuel

Established 1901

Tel. Needham 380

EDWARD E. DAILY

Manufacturer of
Paper Boxes

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

Nicknames

Willie Willis: "Ma, what do they call a lady who makes eyes at a man?"

Mrs. Willis: "A flirt."

Willie: "Why, that isn't what papa called her at all."

Compliments of

J. B. THORPE

Compliments of
RICHWAGEN—Needham's Florist

The Crest
 HOME MADE CANDIES
 ICE CREAM *and*
 FANCY ICES
Columbia Grafonolas and Records

The Mosler Safe Co.
 84-90 Sudbury St.
 BOSTON : MASS.
 H. J. ROBINSON, *N. E. Manager*

COMPLIMENTS OF
Frank De Fazio
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Early in Life
 Employer: "Will your last employer recommend you?"
 Applicant: "I don't know—I haven't worked for him yet."

Compliments of
Needham Public Market
 Crest Building
 1011 GREAT PLAIN AVE.

V. A. ROWE
Pharmacist

Compliments of
Highland Press

Compliments of
MR. W. K. QUEEN

Experienced
 Mrs. Jones was entertaining some of her son's little friends. "Willie," she said, addressing a six-year-old, who was enjoying a plate of cold beef, "are you sure you can cut your own meat?"
 The child who was making desperate efforts with his knife and fork replied:
 "Yes, thanks. I've often had it as tough as this at home."

PLANED ICE

Needham Ice Company

Telephone Connection

COMPLIMENTS OF

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CARPENTER

C. M. FOSS

Furniture Repairing

LIGHT TRUCKING

2 BANK BUILDING

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a Friend

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. Charles L. MacGray

Bertha L. Cameron-Guild, M.D.

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NEEDHAM

*Office Hours, 4 to 6, 7 to 8 p. m.**Sundays by Appointment*

TELEPHONE NEEDHAM 75

COMPLIMENTS OF

D. M. WOOD

COMPLIMENTS OF

C. W. Pease

Teacher: (The room being dark) "Tom, run up the shade."

Tom: "What do you think I am, a monkey?"

ROBERT M. KAYMES, *President*
THOMAS SUTTON, *Treasurer*

The Thomas Sutton Co.

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Choice Market Supplies

ESTABLISHED 1884

INCORPORATED 1914

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FRESH FISH and OYSTERS

Everything in Groceries and Meat

"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

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Fancy Dressed Poultry

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Tel. Needham 620

NEEDHAM, MASS.

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Whetton's Grocery Store

OLDEST STORE IN NEEDHAM

ESTABLISHED 1882

Telephone Needham 64

The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was away on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf-coat you wanted. As the brass buttons were heavy I have cut them off to save postage.

"Your loving sister,

"Jane."

"P.S. You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat."

Crossman's Corner

FOR SERVICE

NOTED FOR BEST GRADES OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

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Compliments of

ADAMS BROS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Crisp's Market

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Ginter Company OF BOSTON

R. D. McELROY, *Manager*

NEEDHAM, MASS.

Compliments of

Hanson's Cash Market

531 HIGHLAND AVE.

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

No Hurry

A zealous but untrained reformer had secured permission to speak at the State prison.

"Brothers," he pleaded with them, "lose no time in turning to the pathway of righteousness. Remember, we are here today and gone tomorrow."

"Don't kid yerself," came a gloomy voice from the rear. "I got eighteen years here yet."

Compliments of
J. B. Walker

Compliments of
Henry Barone

SAFEST CONTRACTS

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336 WEBSTER ST. :: NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

LOWEST RATES

LARGEST EXPERIENCE

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RALPH H. CHAMBERS

Tel. 42-J Needham Heights

Garden City Press, Inc.

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"The Advocate"

251 WASHINGTON ST. NEWTON, MASS.

Mytyl: "I'll tell you it's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for steak."

Tytyl: "Yes, but it's much tougher when you pay twenty-five."

She (resting comfortably on the front seat): "How does it run?"

He (peering under the hood of his balky car): "I've often wondered myself."

Jack: "Mabel's a funny girl."

Jake: "How come?"

Jack: "I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin."

Jake: "Nothing funny about that."

Jack: "I know it; but after I kissed her she said: 'Heavens above.'"

Mario Pandolf

FIRST CLASS

GRANOLITHIC, STONE, CELLAR

GRADING WORK AND MASONRY

Compliments of
The Benjamin Moseley Co.
CHARLES RIVER, MASS.

WILLIAM H. WYE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
SWEATERS AND ATHLETIC KNIT GOODS
MADE TO ORDER
NEEDHAM :: MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF
Saxony Knitting Mills
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS
MASS.

No Chances
"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock,
"have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"
"Be quiet," whispered his counsel.
"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool
my own wife, let alone twelve strange women.
I'm guilty."

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Dry Goods
Carter's Block Needham, Mass.

T. F. KENNEDY
Agent for
TRUE-SHAPE HOSIERY
and
GRAY BROTHERS
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If You Want Any Kind of

INSURANCE

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Telephone 188-M

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Solved

"Papa," called Willie excitedly, "there's a big black bug on the ceiling!"

"All right," replied the parent, engrossed in his newspaper, "just step on it and don't bother me."

Compliments of

William A. Parks

INSURANCE

First Class

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a pedler.

"Any good?" was the reply, "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."

Compliments of

SAM JACOBS

F. E. THORPE

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164 FEDERAL ST. BOSTON

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Allston R. Bowers
Insurance

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SEMI-SOLID Buttermilk

Feed it the Year Round

H. A. CROSSMAN CO.

Jib: "Ever hear the song: 'Maggie
Murphy's Baby Carriage?'"

Jab: "No—how does it go?"

Jib: "She pushes it!"

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JOHN T. CONNOR CO.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

Compliments of

THOMAS L. AIKEN, Pharm. D.
Druggist

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OUR MOTTO:—*Courtesy, Service, and the Right Price*

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OPPOSITE NEEDHAM DEPOT

Where you may obtain anything an
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BURGESS S. WARNE, *Registered Pharmacist*

Charles Stevens

Needham
Fruit Store

Compliments of

S. F. SMITH — Grocer

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

A New Club

A girl who doesn't go in for sports recently confessed that she knows absolutely nothing about golf.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't know which end of the caddy to take hold of when I got ready to drive!"

Last month we passed our

*SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY
and are pleased to still be
able to serve you with the
most possible for the money.*

NEALE VARIETY STORE

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25 MAPLE ST., NEEDHAM, MASS.

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DIE STAMPERS*

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Charles River

THEN

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An exceptionally large assortment of HOLIDAY CARDS

ATTRACTIVE WRITING PAPERS
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MANUFACTURING

Jewelers

*Class Rings — Class Pins — Medals
Trophies*

14 PARK SQ., BOSTON 11, MASS.

Made No Difference

Lady to Conductor: "Which end of the car do I get off?"

Conductor: "Makes no difference lady, both ends stop."

A Limit Sentence

Lawyer: "Will \$25,000 for breach of promise be punishment enough for him?"

The Aggrieved: "No, I want him to marry me."

F. N. MILLS

Painting, Paper Hanging
and Decorating

53 PICKERING STREET
NEEDHAM, MASS.

The Best Available

The new servant had presented her references, and the lady of the house read them over with a doubtful eye.

"I'm not quite satisfied with these, Bridget," she said.

"Nayther am I, mum," returned Bridget angrily, "but they're the best the ould fool would give me."

Morgan & Jones

Carpenters and Builders

*Plans Furnished
Estimates Free*

HEMLOCK STREET, NEEDHAM

J. H. Fitzgerald

Auto Springs Repaired

HIGHLAND AVENUE
NEEDHAM, MASS.

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HEMLOCK ST., NEEDHAM
Telephone Connection

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Compliments of

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Automobile Repairing

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Overland

Willys-Knight and Chevrolet

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Needham 530

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*We invite you to inspect
our Holiday Line*

B. A. WHITTAKER

DRY GOODS AND
FURNISHINGS

*Compliments of a
Friend*

Relieving Her Anxiety

Old Lady: "Oh, Conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor: "There is a switch at the next station."

Compliments of
SMALL — The Tailor

The Little Hat Shop
MRS. HOLMES

**BLANKETS and
COMFORTERS**

AT

D. S. HAMILTON'S

Compliments of
SCHWARTZ
THE TAILOR

Compliments of
MISS LILLIAN J. CRAIG

COMPLIMENTS OF
DANIEL L. SMITH

COMPLIMENTS OF
Charles E. Stanwood

THE PERRY PHARMACY

MELVIN L. LOW, Registered Pharmacist

GREAT PLAIN AVENUE :: NEEDHAM, MASS.

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Compliments of a Friend

The Quality Printer

Quality Speaks for Itself

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NEEDHAM

PHONE 119-R

J. E. TISDALE

Acme Laundry Service

TEL. 564-R NEEDHAM

Inhuman Treatment

HEROINE (in the melodrama): "What are those shrieks?"

VILLAIN (relentlessly): "They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch."

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